IACKE DRVMS Entertainment.

OR

THE COMEDIE OF PASQVIL AND KATHERINE.

As it hath beene sundry times Playd, by the *Children of Powles.*

The Actors 12. men, and 4. women.

LONDON
Printed for Nathaniell Fosbrooke. 1618.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

IACKE DRVMS Entertainement,

OR

The Comedie of PASQVIL, and KATHERINE.

The Introduction.

Enter the Tyer-man.

IN good faith, Gentlemen, I thinke we ſhall be forced to giue you right Iacke Drums entertainement, *for he that compoſde the Booke, we ſhould preſent, hath done vs very vehement wrong, he hath ſnatched it from vs, vpon the very inſtance of entrance, and with violence keepes the boyes from comming on the ſtage. So, God helpe me, if we wrong your delights, 'tis infinitely againſt our endeuours, vnleſſe we ſhould make a tumult in the Tyring-houſe.*

Exit Tyer-man.

Enter one of the Children.

You much miſtake his Action, Tyer-man,
His violence proceedes not from a minde
That grudgeth pleaſure to this generous preſence,
But doth proteſt all due reſpect and loue,
Vnto this choiſe ſelected influence.
He vowes, if he could draw the muſick from the Spheares,

To entertayne this presence with delight,
Or could distill the quintessence of heauen
In rare composed Scenes, and sprinkle them
Among your eares, his industrie should sweat
To sweeten your delights: but he was loth,
Wanting a *Prologue*, and our selues not perfect,
To rush vpon your eyes without respect:
Yet if youle pardon his defects and ours,
Hee'le giue vs passage, and you pleasing scenes,
And vowes not to torment your listning eares
With mouldie fopperies of stale Poetrie,
Vnpossible drie mustie fictions:
And for our parts to gratifie your fauour,
Weele studie till our cheekes looke wan with care,
That you our pleasures, we your loues may share. *Exit.*

Actvs Primvs.

Enter Iacke Drum, *and* Timothy Twedle, *with a Taber and a Pipe.*

Drum. COme *Timothy Twedle*, tickle thy Pipe on the greene, as I haue tippled the pot in the celler, and the hey for the honor of *High-gate*, you old *Troian.*

Twedle. And a heigh for the honor of *Hygate*, Hem, by my holy dam, tho I say it, that should not say it, I thinke I am as perfect in my Pipe, as Officers in poling, Courtiers in flatterie, or Wenches in falling: Why, looke you *Iacke Drum*, 'tis euen as naturall to me, as brawdrie to a Somner, knauerie to a Promoter, or damnation to an Vsurer. But is *Holloway* Morrice prancing vp the hill?

Drum. I, I; and *Sir Edward*, and the yellow tooth'd, sunck-eyde, gowtie shankt Vsurer *Maman*, my young Mistresses

ſtreſſes and all are comming to the greene, lay cuſhions, lay the cuſhions, ha the Wenches!

Twed. The wenches, ha, when I was a young man and could tickle the Minikin, and made them crie thanks, ſweet *Timothy*, I had the beſt ſtroke, the ſweeteſt touch, but now (I may ſigh to ſay it) I am falne from the Fiddle, and betooke me to thee. *He playes on his Pipe.*

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, M. Mamon, Camelia, Katherine, and Winifride, Camelias maide.

Sir Ed. Sit, *M. Mamon*, ha, here's a goodly day nigh.

Mam. I thanke you, ſir, and faith what newes at court?

Sir Ed. What newes at Court? ha, ha, now Ieſu God,
Fetch me ſome *Burdeux* wine, what newes at Court?
Reprobate faſhion, when each ragged clowt,
Each Coblers ſpawne, and yeſtie bowzing bench,
Reekes in the face of ſacred maieſtie
His ſtinking breath of cenſure, Out-vpon't, *He drinks.*
Why by this *Burdeux* iuyce, 'tis now become
The ſhewing-horne of Bezelers diſcourſe,
The common foode of prate: what newes at court?
But in theſe ſtiffe neckt times, when euery Iade
Huffes his vpreared creſt, the zealous bent
Of Councellors ſolide cares is trampled on
By euery hacknies heeles: Oh, I could burſt
At the coniectures feares, preuentions
And reſtles tumbling of our toſſed braines:
Yee ſhall haue me an emptie caske that's furd
With nought but barmie froth, that ne're traueld
Beyond the confines of his Miſtris lips,
Diſcourſe as confident of peace with *Spaine*,
As if the *Genius* of quicke *Machiauel*

Vsher'd his speech.

Mam. Oh forbeare, you are too sharpe with me.

S. Ed. Nay, *M. Mamon*, misinterpret not,
I onely burne the bauen heath of youth,
That cannot court the presence of faire time
With ought but with, what newes at Court, sweet sir?
I had rather that *Kemps* Morice were their chat,
For of foolish actions, may be theyle talke wisely, but of
Wise intendments, most part talke like fooles.
The summe is this, beare onely this good thought,
The Counsell-chamber is the Phœnix nest,
Who wastes it selfe, to giue vs peace and rest.

The Taber and Pipe strike vp a Morrice.

A shoute within.

A Lord, a Lord, a Lord, who!

Ed. Oh, a Morrice is come, obserue our country sport,
'Tis Whitson-tyde, and we must frolick it.

Enter the Morrice.

The Song.

Skip it, and trip it, nimbly, nimbly, tickle it, tickle it, lustily,
Strike vp the Taber, for the wenches fauour, tickle it, tickle it lustily:
Let vs be seene, on Hygate-*Greene, to dance for the honour of* Holloway.
Since we are come hither, let's spare for no leather,
To dance for the honour of Holloway.

Ed. Well said, my boyes, I must haue my Lords liuory, what is't, a May-pole? troth, 'twere a good body for a courtiers imprezza, if it had but this life, *Frustra floreſcit.* Hold Cousin, hold. *He giues the Foole money.*

Foole. Thankes Cousin, when the Lord my Fathers

Audit

Audit comes, wee'l repay you againe. Your beneuolence too, ſir.

Mam. What, a Lords ſonne become a begger?

Foole. Why not, when beggers are become Lords ſons: come, 'tis but a ſmall trifle.

Mam. Oh, ſir, many a ſmall make a great.

Foole. No, ſir, a few great make a many ſmall, come my Lords, poore and neede hath no law.

S. Ed. Nor neceſſitie no right, *Drum*, downe with them into the Celler, reſt content, reſt content, one bout more, and then away.

Foole. Speak like a true hart, I kiſſe thy foot ſweet knight.

The Morrice ſing and dance, and Exeunt.

Mam. Sir *Edward Fortune*, you keepe too great a houſe,
I am your friend, in hope your ſonne in law,
And from my loue I ſpeake, you keepe too great a houſe,
Goe to you doe, yon ſame drie throated huskes
Will ſucke you vp, and you are ignorant
What froſtie fortunes may benumme your age,
Pouertie, the Princes frowne, a ciuill warre, or.

S. Ed. Or what? tuſh, tuſh, your life hath loſt his taſte,
Oh madneſſe, ſtill to ſweat in hot purſuit
Of cold abhorred ſluttiſh niggardiſe,
To exile ones fortunes from their natiue vſe,
To entertaine a preſent pouertie,
A willing want, for Infidell miſtruſt
Of gracious prouidence: Oh Lunacie,
I haue two thouſand pound a yeere, and but two girles,
I owe nothing, liue in all mens loue,
Why ſhould I now goe make my ſelfe a ſlaue
Vnto the god of fooles? put worſt: then, here's my reſt.
I had rather liue rich to die poore, then liue poore to die rich.

Mam

Mam. Oh, but so great a masse of coyne might mount
from wholsome thrift, that after your decease your issue
might swell out your name with pompe.

S. Ed. Ha, I was not borne to be my cradles drudge,
To choke and stifle vp my pleasures breath,
To poyson with the venomd cares of thrift
My priuate sweet of life: onely to scrape
A heape of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren vertues of my progenie,
And make them sprowt, spight of their want of worth:
No, I doe loue my Girles should wish me liue,
Which few doe wish that haue a greedie Syre:
But still expect and gape with hungrie lip,
When hee'le giue vp his gowtie stewardship.

Mam. You touch the quick of sense, but then I wonder
You not aspire vnto the eminence
And height of pleasing life: to Court, to Court,
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pompe
Like a bright Diamond in a Ladies brow,
There plant your fortunes in the flowring spring,
And get the Sunne before you of respect:
There trench your selfe within the peoples loue,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace,
What's wealth without respect and mounted place?

S. Ed. Worse and worse, I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeas'd with mine owne waight:
Nor hoise vp all my sailes to catch the winde
Of the drunke reeling Commons: I labour not
To haue an awfull presence, nor be fear'd
(Since who is fear'd, still feares to be so fear'd)
I care not to be like the *Horeb* Calfe,
One day ador'd, and next pasht all in peeces:

Nor

Nor doe I enuie *Polyphemian* puffes,
Swizers flopt greatneſſe: I adore the Sunne,
Yet loue to liue within a temperate zone:
Let who will climbe ambitious glibbery rounds,
And leane vpon the vulgars rotten loue,
Ile not corriuall him: The Sunne will giue
As great a ſhaddow to my trunck as his:
And after death like *Cheſmen* hauing ſtood
In play for Biſhops, ſome for Knights, and Pawnes,
We all together ſhall be tumbled vp, into one bagge,
Let huſh'd calme quiet, rock my life aſleepe:
And being dead, my owne ground preſſe my bones,
Whileſt ſome old Beldame hobbling ore my graue,
May mumble thus: *Here lyes a Knight, whoſe money*
Was his ſlaue. Now *Iacke*, what newes?

Enter Iacke Drum.

Drum. And pleaſe your worſhip, the Morrice haue tane their liquor.

Sir Ed. Hath not the liquor tane them?

Drum. Tript vp their heeles, or ſo? one of them hath vndertaken to dance the Morrice from *Hygate* to *Holloway*, on his heeles, with his hands vpwards.

S. Ed. That's nothing hard.

Drum. Yes ſir, 'tis eaſier for him to dance on his head then his heeles, for indeede his heeles are turn'd ranck rebels, they will not obey, but they are tumbling downe the hill a-pace.

Mam. And I muſt after then, farewell, my ſoules delight, ſweet *Katherine*, adieu. *Camelia*, good night.

S. Ed. Nay, not to *London*, ſir, to night, Ifaith at leaſt ſtay ſupper.

Drum. Harke you, ſir, there's but two Lambs, a dozen

Capons, halfe a score couple of rabbets, three tartes, and foure tansies, for supper, and therefore I beseech you giue him *Iacke Drums* intertainment: Let the *Ibusite* depart in peace.

Sir Edw. Why, *Iacke* is not that sufficient?

Drum. I for any Christian, but for a yawning Vsurer, 'tis but a bit, a morsell, if you table him, heele deuoure your whole Lordship, he is a Quick-sand, a *Goodwin*, a Gulfe, as hungrie as the jawes of a Iayle, hee will waste more substance then *Ireland* Souldiers: A Dye, a Drabbe, and a Paunch-swolne-Vsurer, deuoure whole Monarchies: Let him passe sweet Knight, let him passe.

Sir Edw. Peace knaue, peace.
Daughter, lay your expresse commandement vpon the stay of Master *Mamon*, what 'tis womens yeere,
Dian doth rule, and you must domineere.

Mam. No, sheele not wish my stay, oh I am curst
With her inexorable swiftnesse, by her loue
Which dotes me more then new coin'd glowing gold,
The vtmost bent of my affection
Shoots all my fortunes to obtaine her loue,
And yet I cannot praise, but still am loth'd.
My presence hated, therefore *Mamon* downe,
Farewell, Sir *Edward*, farewell beauties Crowne.

Sir. Edw. Faith, as it please you for going, and her for wooing,
I will inforce neyther.

Kath. With your pardon, sir, I shal sooner hate my selfe,
Then loue him.

Sir Edw. Nay, be free my daughters in election,
Oh, how my soule abhors inforced yokes,
Chiefly in loue, where the affections bent
Should wholy sway the fathers kind consent,

'Fore

'Fore God when I was batcheler, had a friend,
Nay, had my father wisht me to a wife,
That might haue lik'd me, yet their verie wish
Made me mistrust my Loue, had not true course,
But had some sway from dutie which might hold
For some slight space: but ô when time shall search
The strength of loue, then vertue, and your eye,
Must knit his sinewes: I chusde my selfe a wife
Poore, but of good discent, and wee did liue
Till death diuorc'd vs, as a man would wish:
I made a woman, now wenches make a man:
Choose one either of valour, wit, honestie, or wealth,
So he be gentle, and you haue my heart,
Ifaith you haue: What, I haue land for you both,
You haue loue for your selues. Heeres master *Mamon* now.

Drum. A Club-fisted Vsurer.

Sir Edw. A wealthie, carefull, thriuing Citizen.

Mam. Carefull, I, I, let nothing without good blacke and white, I warrant you.

Drum. Yes, sir.

Mam. No, sir.

Drum. A little backe wind, sauing your VVor. sir.

Mam. I am scoft at, where's my man there ho?

Came. Sir, you need not take the pepper in the nose, Your nose is firie enough.

Mam. What *Flawne*, what *Christopher*, 'Hart where's the knaue become? Hold sirrah, carrie my cloake.

Enter Flawne.

Kath. It seemes he can scarce carrie himselfe.

Drum. He's ouer the shooes, yet heele hold out water, for I haue liquor'd him soundly.

Mam. Why cannot you come where headie liquor is, but you must needs bouze? What, a man may lead a horse to the water, but heele chuse to drinke.

Flawn. True, but I am no horse, for I cannot chuse but drinke.

Mam. A pale weake stripling, yet contend with Ale.

Flawn. Why, the weakest goe to the pot still. (day.

Mam. That jest shall saue him. Sir *Edward*, now good

Exit.

Sir Edw. Nay, sir, weele bring you a little of the way.

Drum. Rely on me, *Christopher*, I will be thy staffe, And thy Masters nose shalbe thy lanthorne & candlelight.

Exeunt all. Manent Camelia and Winifride.

Wini. Mistris *Camelia*, me thinkes, your eye Sparkles not spirit as 't was wont to doe.

Came. My mind is dull, and yet my thoughts are fixt Vpon a pleasing obiect, *Brabants* loue.

Wini. Indeed young *Brabant* is a proper man, And yet his legs are somewhat of the least: And faith a chittie well complexion'd face, And yet it wants a beard: A good sweet youth, And yet some say, he hath a valiant breath, Of a good haire, but oh, his eyes, his eyes.

Came. Last day thy praise extold him to the skies.

Wini. Indeed, hee weares good clothes, and throwes his With good discretion vnder his left arme, (cloake He curles his boot with judgement, and takes a whiffe With gracefull fashion, sweares a valorous othe, But ô the deuil, hath a hateful fault, he is a yonger brother.

Came. A younger brother? ô intolerable.

Wini. No, Mistris, no: but there's Master *Iohn*, Master *Iohn Ellis*, there's a lad, yfaith, Ha

Ha for a vertuous honeſt good youth!

Came. Tut, hee is good becauſe hee knowes not how to (be bad,
Nor wherefore he is good.

Wini I know not, mee thinkes, not to bee bad, is good inough in theſe dayes.

Came. Nay, he is a foole, a perfect ideot.

Wini. Why, all the better. And I'le tell you this,
The greateſt ladie in the land affects him,
Nay, doates vpon him, I, and lyes with him.

Cam. What ladie, good ſweet *Winifride*, what ladie ſay?
Faith there bee ſome good partes about the foole, which I perceiue not, yet another may: what ladie, good ſweet *Winifride?* ſay quicke good wench.

Wini. The ladie *Fortune.*

Came. Why, my nam's *Fortune* too.

Wini. Then you muſt needs fauour him,
For *Fortune* fauours fooles.

Came. Oh, but to hugge a foole is odious.

Wini. Foule water quencheth fire well enough,
And with more liuely pallat, you ſhall taſte
The juice of pleaſures fount, at priuate times:
Piſh, by my maiden head, were I to match,
I would elect a wealthie foole 'fore all,
Then may one hurrie in her chariot,
Shine in rich purpled Tiſſue, haue hundred loues,
Rule all, pay all, take all, without checke or ſnib.
When being married to a wiſe man (O the Lord)
You are made a foole, a ward, curb'd and controll'd, and (O) out vpon't.

Came. Beleeue me wench, thy words haue fired me,
I'le lay me downe vpon a banke of Pinkes,
And dreame vpon't; ſweet foole, I tis moſt cleere,

A foolish bed-mate, why he hath no peere. *Exit Camelia.*

Wenn. Ha, ha, her loue is as vncertaine as an Almanacke, as vnconstant as the fashion, just like a whiffe of Tabacco, no sooner in at the mouth, but out at the nose: I thinke in my heart I could make her enamoured on *Timothy Twedle:* well, he that fees me best, speeds best.

For as it pleas'd my bribed lips to blowe,
So turnes her feath'rie fancie to and fro. *Exit.*

Enter Brabant Iunior at one doore, Ned Planet at the other.

Bra. Good speed thee, my good sweet *Planet*,
How doost thou Chuck?

Pla. How now *Brabant*, where haue you liu'd these three or for foure daies?

Bra. Ho! at the glittering Court, my *Pytheas:*

Pla. Plague on ye, *Pytheas*, what haue you done there?

Bra. Why, lane in my Ladies lap, eat, drinke and sleep.

Pla. So hath thy Ladies dogge done, what art in loue,
VVith yon *Hygate* Mammet still?

Bra. Still, I still, and still, I in eternitie.

Pla. It shalbe chronicled, next after the death of *Bankes* his horse, I wonder why thou lou'st her?

Bra. Loue hath no reason.

Pla. Then is loue a beast.

Bra. O my *Camelia* is loue it selfe.

Pla. The deuill shee is: Hart her lips looke like a dride Neats-toung: her face as richly yellow, as the skin of a cold Custard, & her mind as setled as the feet of bald pated time.

Bra. Plague on your hatefull humour, out vpon't.
Why should your stomacke be so queasie now,
As to bespawle the pleasures of the world?
VVhy should you runne an Idle counter-course

Thwart

Thwart to the path of fashion? Come your reason?
O you are buried in Philosophie,
And there intomb'd in supernaturals,
You are dead to natiue pleasures life.

Pla. Let me busse thy cheeke, sweet Pugge,
Now I am perfect hate, I lou'd but three things in the world, Philosophie, Thrift, and my selfe. Thou hast made me hate Philosophie. A Vsurers greasie Codpiece made me lothe Thrift: but if all the Brewers jades in the Towne can drugge me from loue of my selfe, they shall doo more then e're the seuen wise men of *Greece* could: Come, come, now I'le be as sociable as *Timon* of *Athens*.

Bra. Along with me then, you droming *Sagbut*.
I'le bring thee to a Crew.

Pla. Of Fooles wilt not?

Bra. Faith, if you haue any weight of judgement, you may easily sound what depth of wits they draw, there's first my elder brother.

Pla. Oh the Prince of fooles, vnequal'd Ideot,
He that makes costly suppers to trie wits:
And will not sticke to spend some twentie pound
To grope a gull: that same perpetuall grin
That leades his corkie jests to make them sinke
Into the eares of his deriders with his owne applause.

Bra. Indeed, his jests are like *Indian* beefe, they will not last, & yet he pounders them soundly with his own laughter. Then there's the *Gotish French*-man, *Mounsieur Iohn fo de King*, know'st thou him?

Pla. Oh, I, to a haire, for I knew him when he had neuer a haire on his head.

Bra. Hee is a faithfull pure Rogue.

Pla. I, I, as pure as the gold that hath beene seuen times tryed in the fire.

Bra.

Bra. Then theres *Iohn Ellis*, and profound toung'd Maſter *Puffe*, hee that hath a perpetuitie of complement, hee whoſe phraſes are as neatly deckt as my Lord Majors henſmen, hee whoſe throat ſqueakes like a treble Organ, and ſpeakes as ſmal and ſhril, as the Iriſh-men crie pip, fine pip. And when his period comes not roundly off, takes tole of the tenth haire of his *Bourbon* locke: as thus. Sweet, ſir, repute me as a *(Puffe) ſelected ſpirit borne to bee the admirer, of your neuer inough admired (Puffe.)*

Pla. Oh, we ſhall bee ouer-whelm'd with an inundation of laughter. Come, where are they?

Bra. Here at this tauerne.

Pla. In, in, in, in, I long to burſt my ſides, and tyre my ſpleene with laughter. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Pages, the one laughing, the other crying.

Page 1. Why do'ſt thou crie?

2. Why do'ſt thou laugh?

1. I laugh to ſee thee crie.

2. And I crie to ſee thee laugh.

Peace be to vs. Heres our Maſters.

Enter Brabant, Signior, Planet, Brabant Iunior, Iohn Ellis, Maſter Puffe, and Monſieur Iohn fo de King.

Bra. Sig. You ſhall ſee his humour, I pray you bee familiar with this gentleman Maſter *Puffe*, hee is a man of a well growne ſpirit, richly worth your. I aſſure you, ha, ha, ha.

Puff. Sir I enrowle you in the Legend of my *(Puffe)* intimates, I ſhall bee infinitely proud, if you will deigne to value me worthie the imbracement of your *(Puffe)* better affection.

Pla.

Pla. Speake you from your thought, sir?

Puffe. I, or would my silke stocke should lose his glosse else, I shall triumph as much in the purchase of your (*Puffe*) loue, as if I had obtained the great *Elixar*: Let vs incorporate our affections I pray you: let mee be forward in your fauour.

Pla. Sir, I pray you let me beg you for a foole.

Puff. I affect no rudenesse, gentlemen, the heauens stand
Propitious to your faire designes:
Assoone as next the Sunne shall 'gin to shine,
I will salute the eyes of *Katherine*.

Bra. Sig. Of *Katherine*, Master *Planet* obserue the next, Master *Iohn*, what makes you so melancholy?

Ellis. I doe not vse to answere questions.

Bra. Iu. What are you thinking on now?

Ellis. I doe not vse to thinke.

Bra. Sig. Hee lookes as demurely, as if hee were asking his father blessing.

Ellis. I doe not vse to aske my father blessing.

Bra Iu. 'Hart, how chance he is out of his similes?

Pla. I haue followed Ordinaries this twelue-moneth, onely to find a foole that had lands, or a fellow that would talke treason, that I might beg him. *Iohn*, be my Ward, *Iohn*, faith I'le giue thee two coates a yeere and be my foole.

Bra. Sig. Hee shall bee your foole, and you shall bee his Cox-combe. Ha, ha, I haue a simple wit, ha, ha.

Pla. I shall crow o're him then.

Enter Winifride.

Wini. Is there not one Master *Iohn Ellis* here?

Page. There sits the thing so call'd,

Winifride and Ellis talke.

Br. Sig. Now to the last course: *Monsieur Iohn fo de King*,

I will helpe you to a wench *Mounſieur*.

Moun. No point, a burne childe feere de fire.

Ellis. As a hungrie dog waiteth for a mutton bone, or as a tatter'd foot-boy for a caſt ſute, euen ſo will I attend on my Miſtris. *Enter Winifride.*

Moun. O my *Vinifride*, pree you awe, by gor, me ang de for her.

Bra. Sig. Nay, ſtay, ſtay, I will helpe you to a delicate plump-lipt-wench.

Moun. Toh, phi, phi, your proffer ware ſtinke: ſtay *Vinifride*, or by gor die, me die, me die by gor, me ang ſo deſirous, adiew goot ſir.

Bra. Sig. Oh, ſtay *Mounſieur*, how doe you pronounce *Demurra?* Ha, ha, I'le plague him.

Moun. Grand Sot, my vench is gone, and me brule, and me brule, like one mad bule, me goe into de vater to coole my reine, ang my back made de vater hize againe, dus ſo brule, me burſt vor a vench, and yet grand poc on you all, pree you adiew.

Ellis. As the Iigge is cal'd for when the Play is done, euen ſo let *Mounſieur* goe.

Moun. He, me teach you much French vor dis, I goe to *Hygate*, adiew grand Sots. *Exit Mounſieur.*

Ellis. As ſore eies cannot indure the Sunne, nor ſcab'd hands abide ſalt water, ſo muſt I leaue all, and ſee my Miſtris: and as faire Ladies doe vſe foule foiles, euen ſo doe I bid you farewell.

Exit Ellis.

Bra. Sig. Why, this is ſport Imperiall, by my Gentrie, I would ſpend fortie Crownes, for ſuch another feaſt of fooles. Ha, ha.

Bra. Iu. I wonder who would be the foole then?

Bra. Sig.

Bra. Sig. Why, 'tis the recreation of my intellect, I think I ſpeake as ſignificant, ha, ha, theſe are my zanyes, I fill their paunches, they feed my pleaſures, I vſe them as my fooles faith, ha, ha.

Pla. 'T is a generous honour.

Bra. Sig. Troth, I thinke you haue a good wit, ha? pray you ſup with me, I loue good wits, becauſe mine owne is not vnfortunate: pray you ſup with me.

Pla. I'le giue God thankes, ſir, that hath ſent a foole to feed me.

Bra. Sig. Come along then, ye ſhall haue a Capon, a Tanſie, and ſome kick-ſhowes of my wits, ha, ha, ſome toies of my ſpirit.

Exit Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Pla. I will eate his meate, and ſpend's monie, that's all the ſpight I can doe him: but if I can get a Pattent for concealed Sots, that Daw ſhall troupe among my Ideots.

Exit.

ACTVS SECVNDVS.

Enter M. Puffe with his Page.

Puff. BOy, what's a clocke?

Page. Paſt three, and a faire morning.

Puff. Burnes not that light within the ſacred ſhrine? I meane the chamber of bright *Katherine*.

Page. I, ſhould appeare by theſe preſence, that it doth.

Puff. I wonder that the light is vp ſo ſoone.

Page. O, miſtris Snuffe was wearie with ſleeping in the ſocket, and therefore hath newly put on her ſtammell petticoate, and taken her pewter ſtate, to giue light to things are in darkneſſe.

Puff. I see that women of grauitie and sweetnesse are soone vp.

Page. And I know that women of leuitie and lightnesse, are soone downe.

Puff. Boy cleere thy throte, and mount thy sweetest notes,
Vpon the bosome of this sleeke-cheekt aire:
That it may gently breathe them in the eare
Of my adored Mistris: Come begin.

The Song.

DElicious beautie that doth lye
Wrapt in a skin of Iuorie,
Lye still, lye still vpon thy backe,
And fancie let no sweet dreames lacke
To tickle her, to tickle her with pleasing thoughts.
But if thy eyes are open full,
Then daine to view an honest gull,
That stands, that stands, expecting still
When that thy casement open will
And blesse his eyes, and blesse his eyes, with one kind glance.

The Casement opens, and Katherine appeares.

Puff. All happinesse and vnconceiu'd delight,
Waite on the loue of sweet fac'de *Katherine.*

Kathe. Good youth, Amen: I doe returne your wish
With ample intereſt of beatitude.

Puff. I doe protest, with ceremonious (puffe) lips
The purest bloud of my affection,
Is euen fatally predestinate
To consecrate it selfe vnto your (puffe) loue.

Kath. Vnto my loue? Oh, sir, you bind me to you:

Faire

Faire Gentleman, I haue a thankefull heart,
Tho not a glorious ſpeech to ſweet my thankes.

Puff. Reward my loue, then with your kinder loue.

Kath. With my loue, ſir, I reliſh not your ſpeech.

Puff. I with your loue, in pleaſing marriage.

Kath. Alas, ſir, cannot be my Loues a man,
Who hardly can requite the deare proteſts
Of kind affection, which you ſeeme to vow
Vnto his fortunes: kind youth, you did wiſh
All happineſſe to wait vpon my loue:
Well he ſhall know it when we next doe meet,
And thanke you kindly: now good morrow ſweet.

Puff. You take my, my, my meaning (puffe.)

Pag. Nay, if he be puffing once, the fire of his wit is out.

Puff. Why, ſhee is gone. Hart did I riſe for this?

Page. She cannot indure puffing. O, you puft her away!

Puff. Let's ſlinke along vnſeene, 'tis yet ſcarce day.

Exeunt.

Enter Mamon with Flawne, bearing a light before Mamon.

Flawn. Now, me thinkes I hold the candle to the Deuil.

Mam. Put out the light, the day begins to breake.

Flawn. Would the day and thy necke were broke together.

Mam. Oh, how the gowt and loue doe tire me!

Flawn. Why, ſir, loue is nothing but the verie gowt.

Mam. As how *Flawne?* as how?

Flawn Thus, ſir: gowt and loue, both come with idleneſſe, both incurable, both humorous, onely this difference: the gowt cauſeth a great tumour in a mans legs, and loue a great ſwelling in a womans belly.

Mam. VVhy, then O Loue, O Gowt, O gowtie Loue, how thou tormentſt old *Mamon*: good morrow to the ſweet-lipt *Katherine*, eternall ſpring vnto thy beauties loue.

Kath. Alas, good aged, ſir, what make you vp?
In faith, I pittie you, good ſoule to bed,
Troth, ſoone youle crie, Oh God, my head, my head.

Mam. No, *Katherine*, the wrinkling print of Time
Err'd, when it ſeal'd my forehead vp with age:
I haue as warme an arme to entertaine
And hugge thy preſence in a nuptiall bed,
As thoſe that haue a cheeke more liuely red:
And tho my voice be rude, yet *Flawne* can ſing
Peans of beautie, and of *Katherine*.
Liſt to the Muſicke that corrupts the gods,
Subverts euen deſtinie, and thus it ſhogs.

The Song.

Chunck, chunck, chunck, chunck, his bags doe ring
A merrie note with chuncks to ſing:
Thoſe that are farre more yong and wittie,
Are wide from ſinging ſuch a Dittie
As Chunck, chunck chunck.
There's Chunck, that makes the Lawyer prate,
There's Chunck, that makes a foole of Fate:
There's Chunck, that if you will be his,
Shall make you liue in all hearts bliſſe.
With Chunck, chunck, chunck.

Kat. 'Tis wel ſung, good old man, hence with your gold,
Leaue the greene fields 'tis dewie, youle take cold.

Mam. The caſements ſhut, well, here Ile lurke and ſtay,
To ſee who beares the glorie of the day.

Hence,

Hence, hence, to *London*, *Flawne* let me alone.

Flawn. I can hardly leaue him alone, for the Deuill and double Duckats ſtill aſſociate him, but I am gone. *Exit.*

Enter Paſquill.

Paſ. The glooming morne with ſhining armes hath chaſte
The ſiluer Enſigne of the grimme-cheekt night,
And forc'd the ſacred troupes of ſparkling ſtars
Into their priuate Tents, yet calme-huſht ſleepe
Strikes dumbe the ſnoring world: yet frolicke youth
That's lately matcht vnto a wel ſhapte Laſſe,
Clips his ſweet Miſtris, with a pleaſing arme,
Whil'ſt the great power of Imperious Loue
Summons my dutie to ſalute the ſhine
Of my Loues beauties. Vnequald *Katherine*,
I bring no Muſicke, to prepare thy thoughts
To entertaine an amorous diſcourſe:
More Muſick's in thy name, and ſweet diſpoſe,
Then in *Apollos* Lyre, or *Orpheus* Cloſe.
I'le chaunt thy name, and ſo inchaunt each eare,
That *Katherinas* happie name ſhall heare.
My *Katherine*, my life, my *Katherine*.

Kath. My *Ned*, my *Paſquil*, ſweet, I come, I come,
Euen with like ſwiftneſſe, tho not with like heart
As the fierce Fawlcon ſtoupes to riſing fowle
I hurrie to thee: doe not goe away,
The place is priuate, and 'tis yet ſcarce day.

Paſ. Oh, theſe kind words imparadize my thoughts.

Ma. Ha, ha, young *Paſquil*, haue I found you out?
Iſt you muſt bore my noſe? I'le bore your heart:
Why, this ſame boy's as bare as naked truth.
A low-eb'd gallant, yet ſheele match with him:

I'le

Ile match him, if his skinne be ponyard prooſe.
He may ſcape the force of gold and murder, if not,
As you returne, ſir, I will pepper you. *Exit.*

Enter Katherine to Paſquill.

And art thou come deere heart, firſt fee be this,
This kind imbrace, and next this modeſt kiſſe.
Paſ. This is no kiſſe, but an *Ambroſian* bowle,
The *Nectar* dew of thy delicious ſowle:
Let me ſucke one kiſſe more, and with a nimble lip,
Nibble vpon thoſe Roſie bankes, more ſoft and cleere
Then is the jewell'd tip of *Venus* eare.
Oh, how a kiſſe inflames a louers thought,
With ſuch a fewell let me burne and dye,
And like to *Hercules* ſo mount the skie.
Kath. Come, you grow wanton. Oh, you bite my lip,
Paſ. In faith you jeſt; I did but ſoftly ſip
The Roſeall juice of your reuiuing breath:
Let clumſie judgements, chilblain'd gowtie wits
Bung vp their chiefe content within the hoopes
Of a ſtuft drie-Fatt: and repoſe their hopes
Of happineſſe, and hearts tranquillitie,
Vpon increaſe of durt: but let me liue
Clipt in the cincture of a faithfull arme,
Luld in contented joy, being made diuine,
With the moſt precious loue of *Katherine*.
Kath. Let the vnſanctified ſpirit of ambition
Entice the choice of muddie-minded dames
To yoke themſelues to ſwine, and for vaine hope
Of gay rich trappings, be ſtill ſpurd and prickt
With pining diſcontent for nuptiall ſweets.
But let me liue lou'd in my husbands eyes.

Whoſe

Whoſe thoughts with mine, may ſweetly ſimpathize.

Paſ. The heauens ſhall melt, the ſun ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
Before I leaue the loue of *Katherine.*

Kath. Nay, when heauens melted, & the ſun ſtrook dead,
Euen then my loue ſhall not be vanquiſhed.

Paſq. When I turne fickle, vertue ſhall be vice.

Kath. When I proue falſe, Hell ſhall be Paradiſe.

Paſq. My life ſhall be maintain'd by thy kinde breath.

Kath. Thy loue ſhall be my life, thy hate my death.

Paſq. Oh, when I die let me imbrace thy waſte.

Kath. In death let me be counted thine and chaſte.

Paſq. Heauens graunt, being dead, my ſoule may liue nie thee.

Kath. One kiſſe ſhall giue thee mine eternally.

Paſq. In faire exchange vouchſafe my heart to take.

Kath. With all my mind, weare this, *Ned*, for my ſake.
But now no more, bright day malings our loue,
Farewell, yet ſtay, but 'tis no matter too,
My father knowes I thinke, what muſt enſue.
Adieu, yet harke, nay faith, adieu, adieu.

Paſq. Peace to thy paſſions, till next enterview. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mamon, and Monſieur Iohn to the King.

Mam. Now *Monſieur*, be but confident and hold,
There is the price of bloud, this way he comes,
Strike home bold arme, and thou ſhalt want no crownes.

Moun. Feare you noting, when he is die, me bring you word. *Exit Mamon.*

Hee, by gor braue crowne, braue monney,
Mee haue here a patent to take vp, one, two, treeſcore
Vench: fine crowne, fine vench, vnreaſonably fine,
Dis monney is my baude. Mee ſend a French crowne

To fetch a fine vench, de French crowne fetch de
Fine vench, de fine vench take de French crowne,
And giue me de French poc. He excellent, you see
Mee kill a man, you see mee hang like de *Burgullian*,
Hee no poine: Hee by Gor, mee haue much vitt,
Ang me much bald, and me ang much bald wit,
Here come de Gentleman metre *Pasquil*.

Enter Pasquil.

Pasquil. Is't possible, that sisters should so thwart
In natiue humours? one's as kind and faire,
As constant, vertuous, and as debonaire,
As is the heart of goodnesse: the other, proud,
Inconstant, fantasticke, and as vaine in loues,
As trauellers in lyes: blest *Katherine*,
Camelia's not thy sister, if shee bee,
Shee's bastard to the sweets that shine in thee.

Moun. Boniour Metre *Pasquil, sance Ieſt*, mee am hired to kill you, *Mounsieur Mamon*, *Meſter:* Iounck, iounck, giue mee money to stab you, but mee know there is a God that hate bloud, derfore, me no kill, me know dere is a vench, that loue Crowne, derefore me keepe de money.

Pasq. Vnhallowed villaine, that with gold and bloud,
Thinkes that almightie loue can be withstood.
Hold, *Mounsieur*, there are more Crownes, onely doe this, returne to *Mamon*, tell him the deede is done, and bring him hither, that hee may vainely triumph in my bloud, I haue some painting, which I found by chaunce, in loose *Camelias* chamber, with that I'le staine my brest, goe and returne with speed.

Moun. He, by gor I smell a rat, me flie, me flie, by gor.

Exit Mounsieur.

Pasq.

Pasq. Lewd miſcreant, that through the throat of hell,
Wouldſt mount to heauen, and enioy loue,
Invaluably precious: no, rancke churle,
Thou waſt not made to ſlauer her faire lips
With thy dead rewmy chops, nor clip her waſte
With thy ſhrunke bloudleſſe arme, I heare him come.
Now *Pasquil*, faigne, ô thou eternall light,
Mourne, that thy creatures ſhould in bloud delight.
He lies downe, and faines himſelfe dead.

Enter Mamon, and Mounſieur.

Mam. Now, ſmug-fac'd boy, now nibble on her lips,
Now ſippe the dew of her delicious breath.
Stinke, rot, damne, bake in thy cluttered bloud,
Snakes, Toades, and Earwigs, make thy skull their neſt,
Ingendring dew-wormes, cling ore-thwart thy breſt.
Moun. Huſh, huſh, leaue praying for dead, 'tis no good
Caluianiſme, Puritaniſme. Diſſemble, here are company.
Exit Moun.

Enter Brab. Sig. and Planet.

Brab. Sig. Good morrow, ſir, who lies there murdred?
Mam. Oh Gentlemen, the kindeſt vertuous youth
That e're adorned *London*. Damned theeues
To ſpoile ſuch hopes: the laſt words that he ſpake,
Sticks ſtill within the hollow of mine eare.
Katherine, quoth he, hold *M. Mamon* deare,
I know not what he meant, but ſo he ſaid.
If that you paſſe to *Hygate*, tell the Knight,
Paſquil is ſunke into eternall night.
Plan. Faith, 'twas a good youth, come *Brabant*, come away.
Exeunt Brabant and Planet.

Mam. Dead *Kate*, dead *Kate*, dead is the boy,
That kept rich *Mamon* from his ioy.

Mamon sings, Lantara, &c. Pasquil riseth, and striketh him.

Mam. Oh, the Deuill, the ghost of *Pasquil*, I am dead, if you haue any curtesie in you, beleeue it. I beleeu'd you when you faign'd, beleeue me now, for I am almost dead, numb'd vp with feare, giue faith sweet gentle youth.

Pasq. Old wretch, amend thy thoughts, purge, purge, repent,
I'le hide thy vlcer, be but penitent. *Exit.*

Mam. Ha, I thinke 'twas but his ghost that swept along.

Enter Monsieur singing.

Grand sot Mamon, *Pho, phy, phy, phy, a foutra pour vos chunck, chunck.* Iohn so de King, *teach you a ding*, Iohn so de King, *grand sot, sot, sot.* *Exit Mounsieur.*

Mam. Death, plague, and hel, how is curst *Mamon* vext?
Scourg'd with the whip of sharpe derision:
I'le home, and starue, this crosse, this peeuish hap,
Strikes dead my spirits like a thunder-clap. *Exit Mamon.*

Enter Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Brab. Gods precious, I forgot to bring my Page,
To breathe some Dittie in my Mistris eare.

Plan. Wouldst haue a Ballet to salute her with?

Brab. No, but a song. How wouldst thou court thy Mistris?

Plan. Why, with the World, the Flesh, and the Deuill.

Brab. Right dog, well thoult sweare, that I am blest
Beyond infinitie of happinesse,
When thou beholdest admired *Camelia.*

Plan. And God would blesse mee with three such Mistresses,

ſtreſſes, I would giue two of them to the Deuill, that hee would take the third.

Brab. Oh, when ſhee clips, and clings about my necke,
And ſucks my ſoule forth with a melting kiſſe.

Plan. Doth ſhee vſe thee ſo kindly then, ha?

Brab. O, I, and calls me deare, deare *Brabant*, and (ô Ieſu God.)
I cannot expreſſe her ſweets of entertaine,
Shee'le ſo inſinuate with chaſte amorous ſpeech,
And play the wanton with ſuch prettie grace,
And vowes loue to me: Oh, I'le make thee mad
To ſee how gracious *Brabant's* in her eye.
Here is her window, marke but when I call,
How ſwift ſhee comes, and with what kind ſalutes
Shee welcomes me. What, ho *Camelia?*
Faith youle be tane vp, what in bed ſo late?

Winifride lookes from aboue.

Plan. And you take her vp *Brabãt*, ſheele take you down

Brab. Hart they heare not: My *Camelia*, wake?

Wini. What harſh vnciuill tongue keeps ſuch a coyle?

Brab. Winifride, 'tis I. Tell my ſweet *Duck* I am here,
Now marke *Ned Planet*, now obſerue her well.

Wini. Shee wonders at your rudeneſſe, that intrudes
Vpon the quiet of her mornings reſt,
And ſhee's amaz'd, that with ſuch impudence
You dare preſume to intimate ſome loue to her,
As if ſhee knew you more then for a youth,
A yonger brother, and a ſtipendarie.

Enter Iohn Ellis.

Plan. Now marke, *Ned Planet*, now obſerue her kindnes,
Good morrow, *M. Iohn.*

Ellis. As the Countrey maid crieth to her Cow to milke

her, or as the Trauailer knocketh with his Hosteſſe for a reckning, euen ſo doe I call to thee, ô Miſtris.

Camelia from her window.

Came. Sweet *Iohn*, my loue, here's thy *Camelia*:
Hold, weare this fauour, with this kiſſe vpon't.

Brab. Fleſh and bloud cannot beare ſuch diſgrace.

Brabant beates Ellis.

Ellis. Helpe, helpe, helpe, helpe, hee boxes mee that hee doth. Helpe, helpe.

Enter Sir Edward, Katherine, Drum, and Twedle.

Sir Ed. What outrage haue we here ſo early vp?
Sir, you doe wrong the quiet of my houſe.

Enter Camelia.

Ifaith you doe, and 'tis but rudely done,
Goe too, 'tis not. Is this a place to brawle?

Plan. And pleaſe thee, knight, Ile tell thee faith & troth.

Cam. What, did he ſtrike thee, ſweet?

Ellis. I, in good deed law, and a my conſcience, I thinke he hath made my noſe bleede.

Cam. And would not you draw your weapon out, and to it luſtily, as long as you could ſtand?

Ellis. I doe not vſe to draw.

Cam. Did he giue thee a boxe on the eare, and wouldſt thou take it?

Ellis. And he be ſuch a foole to giue it me, why ſhould not I be ſo wiſe as to take it?

Cam. Pure honeſtie, kinde Ducke, kiſſe me, ſweet *Iohn*.

Brab. Iu. Hart, *Sir Edward*, will you ſuffer this?
Now on my life, ſhee is enamour'd on the fooles bable.

Sir Ed. Goe too, ſir boy, forbeare, you wrong my loue,
And you forget your ſelfe to vſe ſuch ieſts,

Such

Such naſtie ribauldrie vpon my daughter:
I tell you *M. Brabant*, doth ſhee loue
Any that meriteth the name of man?

Bra. Iu. Why, he's no man, but a very———

Sir Ed. Wel, wel, no more; my houſe, my ſelfe, my loue,
Opens their hearts with liberall imbrace,
To entertaine your preſence: I, or any mans,
So they'le be ciuill, modeſt, not prophane,
Not like to thoſe that make it their chiefe grace,
To be quite graceles.

Plan. Well ſaid, honeſt Knight,
We haue had bloud enough to day alreadie:
Ned Paſquil's ſlaine by bloudie murdering Rogues.

Sir Ed. Speake ſoftly, God forbid, my daughter heares,
Tell me the circumſtance, I pray you, Sir.

Kath. Eternall death vnto my happineſſe,
My *Paſquil* ſlaine? Oh God, oh God, oh God.

Exit Katherine, tearing her haire.

Plan. I, and I thinke the Vſurer made a Tent
Euen of his noſe, it was ſo red and neere.

Sir Ed. God for his mercy, what miſchance is here?
A good youth, a vertuous modeſt youth,
Ifaith, he was. And I can tell you, ſir,
My daughter *Katherine*, where is ſhee now?
Whither's ſhee gone? *Drum*, call her hither ſtrait.

Drum. Your *Drum* will ſound a call, ſir, preſently.

Exit Drum.

Sir Ed. And as I told you, ſir, my daughter *Katherine*
Affected him right dearly: by my peace of ſoule,
If he had liu'd, I could haue heartily wiſht
He had beene my ſonne-in-law, Ifaith I could:
But ſee the will of God. How now, *Drum*,
Where's my daughter?

Drum

Drum. Sir, shee is either inuisible, or deafe, for I can neither see her, nor shee heare me.

Sir Ed. Body of mee, my heart misgiues me now,
Looke, call, search, run all about.
My daughter gone? Goe all and search her out.
Here's *Pasquil*, ha? Is this the man that's dead?

Enter Pasquil.

Pasq. Let me intreat this fauour, doe not search
Or be inquisitiue why I fain'de:
Repute me worthy your better censure: and thus thinke
My cause was vrgent, the rest lye buried.

S. Ed. Well, I would you had not fainde.

Pasq. Why, would you haue had me dead indeede:

S. Ed. Oh no, but I haue lost my child I feare,
By your strange fayning, shee no sooner heard
The tydings of your death, but gone shee was,
And God knowes whither. Ha? what newes now?

Enter Drum.

Drum. 'Tis easier to finde wit in Ballating, honestie in Brokers, Virginitie in *Shordich*, then to heare of my Mistris.

S. Ed. Broch me a fresh butt of *Canary* sacke,
Let's sing, drinke, sleepe, for that's the best reliefe:
To drowne all care, and ouer-whelme all griefe.
Powre wine, sound musicke, let our blouds not freeze.
Drinke Dutch like gallants, let's drinke vpsey freeze.

Exeunt S. Edward, Planet, Brabant, Drum and Twedle.

Camel. Seruant, youle goe in too, and stay dinner?

Ellis. I, in truth, for as the itch is augmented
By scratching, so is my loue by seeing my Mistris.

Exeunt Camelia and Ellis.

Pasq. How's this, how's this, My *Katherine* gone hence?
Senses awake, and thou amazed soule

Vn-

Vnwinde thy ſelfe from out the Labyrinth
Of gaping wonder, and aſtoniſhment.
My *Katherine* departed? how? which way?
Foole, foole, ſtand not debating, but purſue
Haſte to her comfort, for from thee doth ſpring
(Wretch that thou art) her cauſe of ſorrowing. *Exit.*

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter a Page, ſolus.

Page. HA, ha, ha, tipſie, tipſie, tipſie, all turn'd whirlegig, *Iohn ſo de King*, *Drum*, and *Timothy Twedle*, are rare fine, ha, for the heauens, Ifaith: *Drums* Lyon drunke, and hee dings the pots about, cracks the glaſſes, ſwaggers with his owne ſhaddow. Honeſt *Tymothy*, is *Mawdelin* drunke, and he weepes for kindneſſe, and kiſſes the hilts of *Iacke Drums* dagger. *Mounſieur's* Goat drunke, and he ſhrugs, and skrubs, and hee's it for a wench. Here they come reeling, I muſt packe, or wee ſhall ſwagger, for they hauing a cracke in their heads, and I a fault in my hands, wee ſhall ne're agree. *Exit.*

Enter Drum, Mounſi ur, and Twedle.

Drum. A ſeruing-man, quoth you? Hart, and if I ſerue any that's fleſh and bloud, would I might ne're taſte my liquor more: ſtand bare whilſt he makes water, out vpon't, I'le to *Ireland*, and there I'le Tan, ran, ty, ry, dan; Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa: Nay, 'tis the onely life.

Twed. Nay, good Thewte hart, good kind *Iacke*, ſtay, if you would loue me, as I loue you, wee would liue and die together: and pleaſe God, would I were dead, and you are gone. And here's *M. Iohn ſo de King*, a very honeſt man too.

Drum. I, I, hee's a very good honeſt man: for there's not a haire betwixt him and heauen.

Twed. Heele liue with vs now, and teach vs French.

Moun. I, by my trott, ang you helpe me to a vench now, me teach you French, fiue towſand, towſand yeere, ô, your ſecke is hote, and make me brule, and brule, and burne, for a *(hee)* by gor your ſecke is hote.

Enter Winifride.

Drum. Welcome, *Baſiliſco*, thou wilt carrie leuell, and knock ones braines out with thy pricking wit. Kiſſe mee, ſweet wench, kiſſe me.

Moun. Hee my *Vinifride*, by gor you are come, in te verie nick to pleaſure mee, pree you kiſſe mee, clip mee, loue me, or by gor me ang die certaine.

Drum. Out, you French dogge, touch my Loue, and I'le———

Moun. Touch her, by gor me touch her, and touch her, and touch her.

Drum. I'le touch you, I'le flaſh you, I'le vench yee.

Wini. Put vp, put vp, for the paſſion of God, put vp, or if youle needs too it, ſheathe both your weapons in me firſt.

Drum. Hart, touch my loue, touch my *Winifride?*

Winif. Harke you, *Iack*, come to my chamber an houre hence, and you ſhall haue what you will aske, and I can graunt.

Drum. Why, then my choller's downe. *Iohn ſo de King.* Fontra for you. *Exit Drum.*

Moun. Fontra for mee, futtra, futtra, futtra, fiue towſand futtra's for you.

Twed. Stay friend, *Iacke*, I'le reele along with you, if youle not ſwagger. *Exit Twedle.*

Winif.

Winif. Sweet, ſweet *Monſieur*, hang yon ſlaues, I loue you infinitely.

Moun. By gor, mee teach you French foure towſand yeere dan.

Winif. Well, *Mounſieur*, I'le giue you pleaſure.

Moun. But will you preſently? quickly, for by gor me am a hot ſhot.

Winif. I, ſo they ſay, I heard you were vnder the *Torred zone* laſt day.

Moun. Piſh, 'tis no matter, me am like a Tabacco pipe, de more me am burne, de cleaner me am.

Winif. Well then, two houres hence come to my chamber, and *Timothy Twedle* ſhall giue you me in a ſacke.

Moun. In a ſacke? Ha, very well.

Winif. And you ſhall carrie mee to my Maſters houſe at *Holloway*, for in the houſe wee cannot be priuate without ſuſpect. Till then, farewell. *Exit Winifride.*

Moun. By my trot vnreaſonably good, I carrie de vench on my backe, and de vench carrie mee on her (hee) fine backe, fine vench, fine *Mounſieur*, fine, fine, fine Knight, all fine, vnreaſonably fine, mee ſing vor ioy; by gor mee ſing la, liro, liro, la, lilo. *Exit.*

Enter Brabant Signior, Brabant Iunior, and Planet.

Bra. Sig. Gentlemen, as e're you lou'd wench, obſerue *M. Puffe*, and me.

Bra. Iun. What ſhall we obſerue you for?

Bra. Sig. Oh, for our complement.

Planet. Complement, what's that?

Bra. Sig. Complement, is as much as (what call you it) 'tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox on't.

Plan. Complement, is as much as what call you it, 'tis deriued of the Greeke word, a pox on't.

Enter Puffe.

Bra. Sig. You shall see *M. Puffe* and mee tosse it, Ifaith, marke with what grace I encounter him.

Plan. Hart, thy brother's like the instrument the Merchants sent ouer to the great *Turke*: you need not play vpon him, hee'le make musicke of himselfe, and hee bee once set going.

Bra. Sig. *M. Puffe*, I long to doe faire seruice to your loue.

Puffe. Most accomplisht wit, exquisitely accoutred, *(Puffe)* Iudgement, I could wish my abilitie worthy your seruice, and my seruice worthy your abilitie.

Plan. By the Lord fustian, now I vnderstand it: complement is as much as fustian.

Bra. Sig. I protest, your abilities are infinite, your perfections matchlesse, your matchlesse perfection infinite in abilitie, and your infinite abilitie, matchlesse in perfection.

Plan. Good againe, reioyce *Brabant*, thy brother will not liue long, he talkes idlely alreadie.

Puffe. Delicious spirit, disparage not your courtesie, stand not bare to him that was borne to honor you.

Bra. Sig. Let vs presse our haires then, with an vniforme consent.

Puffe. The pressure of my haires, or the puncture of my heart, stands at the seruice of your sollide perfections: my life is bound to your loue, your loue being my life, tho my life bee not worthy your loue, your perfection is the center, to which all the paralells of my affection are drawne:

your

your loue my life, your perfection my affection, being——

Plan. Your Aſſe, my Foole.

Puffe. Being chain'd by the mightie coplet of ineuitable deſtiny, who ſeeth the Sunne, but hee muſt adore it: who ſeeth beautie, but hee muſt honour it: who vieweth gold, but he muſt couet it: then (ô then) who can behold your ſun-like beauteous golden beauties, but he muſt more then adore, much more then honour, and moſt infinitely loue to be out, out, out.

Bra. Iu. Out, he is indeed.

Plan. He's at a ſtand, like a reſty Iade, or a Fidler, when he hath crackt his Minikin.

Puffe. Outragiouſly addicted to the worthy purſuit of ſuch matchleſſe worth.

Bra. Sig. Sir, I can reſt but truely thankefull, for your more then good conceit of my no leſſe then little worth. And now, ſir, for the conſequent houres of the day, how ſtands your intention for imployment?

Puffe. I ha' tane my leaue of *Sir Edward*, bid adieu to loue, my Miſtris is gone, my humour is ſpent, my ioyes are at an end, and therefore Gentlemen, I leaue loue, and fall to the *(puffe)* Law, I will interre my ſelfe in *Ployden's* coffin, and take an eternall *Conge* of the world. And ſo ſweet gallants, farewell. *Exit.*

Bra. Sig. Nay, I'le follow you to your graue. Gentlemen, youle not accompanie the coarſe? *Exit.*

Plan. No, no, looke, *Ned Brabant*, yon's a pleaſing obiect for thy eyes.

Enter Camelia, Ellis, and Winifride.

Bra. Iu. My Miſtris is turn'd *Bucephalus*, no body muſt ride

ride her but *Alexander*: no bodie kisse her, but *Iohn Ellis*. Now stand and list, good *Planet*.

Cam. Come sweetest loue, let's giue time pleasing wing,
What shall we make, some purposes, or sing?

Ellis. I will sing, so you will beare my burthen.

Cam. Come, lay thy head then in my Virgin lap,
And with a soft sleeke hand I'le clap thy cheeke,
And wring thy fingers with an ardent gripe:
I'le breathe amours, and euen intrance thy spirit,
And sweetly in the shade lie dallying.

The Song.

Now dally, sport, and play, This merry month of May,
This is the merry, merry month, Sweet time for dallying:
The Birds sit chirping, chirping, The Doues sit billing, billing,
Philip is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading, is treading.
All are to pleasures willing.
You that are faire and wittie, Obserue this easie Dittie,
And leaue not Natures, Natures blisse; Doe not refuse to kisse.
The Birds sit chirping, chirping, The Doues sit billing, billing,
Philip is treading, is treading, &c.

Bra. Iun. Death, I can holder: Life of loue
Amazing beautie, let not me seeme rude,
Tho thus I seeme to square with modestie.

Ellis. Pray you let me goe, for hee'le begin to square,
And euen as some doe weare Muffes for warmth, some for wantonnesse, some for pride, some for neither, but to hide gowtie fingers, so will I get your Fathers consent, and marrie you. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Cam. Sir, it were good you got a benefice,
Some Evenuch'd Vicaridge, or some Fellowship,
To prop vp your weake yonger brothership.

Match

Match with your equalls, dare not to aſpire
My ſeate of loue, I wiſſe, Sir, I looke higher.
Bra. Iun. Aſtoniſhment of Nature, be not proud
Of *Fortunes* bounties: *Brabant* is a man,
Tho not ſo clog'd with durt as others are:
I doe confeſſe my yonger brotherſhip;
Yet therein lay no ſuch diſparagement
As your high ſcorne imputes vnto my worth.
Coach-Iades, and Dogs, are coupled ſtill together,
Only for outward likeneſſe, growth and ſtrength,
But the bright modells of eternitie,
Are ioyn'd together for affection,
Which in the ſoule is form'd. Oh, let this moue,
Loue ſhould make marriage, and not marriage Loue.
Pla. Woo her no more, *Brabant*, thou'lt make her proud,
You *Dutch* Ancient, why ſhould you looke higher?
His birth's as good as yours, and ſo's his face:
Put off your Iengle-Iangles, and be not as faire,
He ſhall renounce it, 'for this Audience,
Put off your clothes, and you are like a *Banbery* cheeſe,
Nothing but paring: why ſhould you be proud,
And looke on none but Weather-cocks, forſooth?
O, you ſhall haue a thouſand pound a yeere!
Bar Ladie that's a bumming ſound. But harke,
Wilt therefore be a ſlaue, vnto a ſlaue,
One that's a bound Rogue vnto Ignorance?
Well, thou'lt ſerue to make him gellide broaths,
And ſcratch his head, and may be, now and then
Heele ſlauer thee a kiſſe. Plague on ſuch marriages.
Cam. Rude vnciuill Clowne.
Pla. Tut, raile not at me, turn your eie vpon the leproſie of your owne iudgement, lothe it, hate it, ſcorne it, and loue this

this yong Gentleman, who is a Foole in nothing, but in loving thee: mad in nothing, but affecting thee: and curst in eternitie, if he marry thee.

Cam. Sir, you ha' spoke exceeding pleasingly,
For which I loue you, as I loue a dull dead eye.
Brabant, I doe coniure thee, court not me,
Doe not presume to loue or fancie me.

Bra. Iu. How, not presume to loue or fancie you?
Hart, I will loue you, by this light I will,
Whether you will or no, I'le loue you still.
Spight of your teeth I will your loue pursue,
I will by heauen, and so, sweet soule adieu. *Exit Bra. Iun.*

Cam. Farewell, & neuer view my face againe. *Exit Cam.*

Plan. Harke you, faire *Winifride*, sweet gentle maid.
I haue but fained with you all this while,
I dote vpon the sweet *Camelia*,
And if your fauour will but second me,
I vow, when I shall wed *Camelia*,
To indow you with a hundred pound a yeere,
And what I haue shall stand at your command.

Win. Sir, I will vndertake to forward your faire loue,
So you'le remember what you here doe vow.

Plan. If I forget it, heauen forget me:
Doe you but praise me, let not her once know
I loue, or doe affect her for the world.

Win. Well, feare no rubs, farewell, faire bounteous sir.
Exit Winifride.

Plan. It workes, it workes, magnificent delight,
Laughter, triumph, for e're the Sunne goe downe,
Thy forehead shall be wreath'd with pleasures crowne.
Exit Planet.

Enter

Enter Paſquil at one doore, and his Page at the other.

Paſ. Now my kind Page, canſt thou not heare, nor ſee,
Which way my *Katherine* hath bent her ſteps?

Page. Sir, I can.

Paſ. What, canſt thou, my ſweet Page?
What, canſt thou boy?
Oh how my ſoule doth burne in longing hope,
And hangs vpon thy lips for pleaſing newes!

Page. Sir, I can tell ye.

Paſ. What? O! how my heart doth quake and throb with feare.

Page. Sir, I can tell you nothing of her in good faith.

Paſ. Oh, thou haſt tortur'd me with lingring hope,
Goe haſte away, flie from the peſtilence
Of my contagious griefe, it will infect thee, boy,
Murder thy youth, and poiſon thy lifes ioy.
Runne ſearch out *Katherine*, in her eies dwell
Heauens of joy: but in *Paſquil* hell.
Oh thou omnipotent, infinitie,
Cracke not the ſinewes of my patience
With racking torment: inſiſt not thus to ſcourge
My tender youth with ſharpe affliction:
If I doe loue that glorie of thy hand,
That rich *Idea* of perfection,
With any luſtfull or prophane intent,
Croſt be my loue, murdred be all my hopes:
But if with chaſte and vertuous arme I clip
The rareſt modell of thy workemanſhip,
Be then propitious, O eternall light,
And bleſſe my fortunes, maugre helliſh ſpight.

Enter Katherine in a petticoate.

Kat. Blacke ſorrow, nurſe of plaints, of teares and grones,

Euaporate my spirit with a sigh,
That it may hurrie after his sweet breath,
Who made thee dote on life, now hunt for death.
Pas. What soule is that, that with her teare-full eies
Seemes to lament with me in miseries?
Kath. Here seemes to be the pressure of his truncke,
Deare earth confirme my doubt, was this the place
Which the faire bodie of my *Pasquil* prest,
When he lay murdred? See, the drooping grasse
Hangs downe his mourning head, and seemes to say,
This was the fatall place, where *Pasquil* lay.
Oh, thou sweet print, stampt by the fairest limbes,
The richest Coffin of the purest soule
That euer prest the bosome of the earth,
First, drinke my teares, and next sucke vp my bloud.
Now thou immortall spirit of my Loue,
Thou precious soule of *Pasquil*, view this Knife
Which once thou gauest me, and prepare thy arme
To clip the spirit of thy constant Loue.
Deare *Ned*, I come, by death I will be thine,
Since life denies it to poore *Katherine*.
She offers to stabbe her selfe.
Pas. Hold, hold, thou miracle of constancie,
First, let heauen perish, and the craz'de world runne
Into first *Chaos* of confusion,
Before such cruell violence be done
To heir faire breast, whose fame by vertue wonne,
Shall honour women, whil'st there shines a sunne.
Kath. Thrice sacred spirit, why do'st thou forsake
Elizeum pleasures, to withhold the arme
Of wretched *Katherine*? Oh let me die,
Retire sweet Ghost, doe not pollute thy hand

With

With touch of mortals.

Paſ. Amazement of thy Sex, *Paſquil* doth liue,
And liues to loue thee in eternitie.
Be not agaſt, recouer ſpirit, (Sweet)
'Tis *Paſquil* ſpeakes, 'tis *Paſquil* clips thy waſte,
'Tis *Paſquil* prints a kiſſe on thy faire hand

Kath. What doe I dreame? or haue I drawne the ſluce
Of life vp? and thorow ſtreames of bloud
Vnfelt, haue ſet my priſoned ſoule at large?
Am I in heauen? or in *Paſquils* Armes?
I am in heauen, for my *Neds* imbrace
Is *Katherines* long wiſh'd celeſtiall place.

Paſ. Diuinitie of ſweetneſſe, I proteſt,
If theſe inferior Orbs were rowled vp,
And the Imperiall heauen bar'd to my view,
'Twere not ſo gracious, nor ſo much deſir'd,
As my deare *Katherine* is to *Paſquils* ſight.

Kath. Heauen of Content, *Paphos* of my delight.

Paſ. Mirrour of Conſtancie, life-bloud of loue.

Kath. Center to whom all my affections moue.

Paſ. Renowne of Virgins, whoſe fame ſhall ne're fleet.

Kath. Oh, I am maz'd with ioy, I pree-thee ſweet,
Vnfold to me, what ſad miſchance it was,
Forc'd thy deaths rumour, and ſuch woes diſperc'de
Sad ſorrow paſt, delights to be rehearſed.

Paſ. It will be tedious, but in briefe thinke thus,
Old *Mamons* malice was the venomb'd ſome,
That poiſoned all the ſweets of our content.

Kath. Alas, deare heart, that loue ſhould be ſo croſt.
Now good *Ned* fetch my gowne, 'tis at yon houſe,
I would be loth to turne to *Hygate* thus.

Paſ. I am oblig'd with infinite reſpect, to doe you ſer-

Oh power diuine, was euer ſuch a loue as *Katherine?*
Ent. Ma. Look *Mamon*, ſearch *Mamon*, this way ſhe went,
Put on thy ſpectacles, this way ſhe went:
Bleſt, bleſt, bleſt, be thy natiuitie,
Yonder ſhe ſits, I'le either haue her now,
Or none ſhall e're enioy her with content.
Kath. How loue's impatient! when will *Ned* returne?
Ma. Tut, 'tis no matter when, look where thy *Mamon* is.
Kath. Good Deuill, for Gods ſake do not vex my ſight:
Did'ſt not thou plot the death of my deare Loue?
Ma. Yes, yes, and would complot ten thouſand deaths,
Euen damne my ſoule, for beauteous *Katherine.*
My ſhip ſhall kemb the Oceans curled backe
To furniſh thee with braue Abiliaments,
Rucks of rich Pearle, and ſparkling Diamonds
Shall fringe thy garments with Imbroadrie:
Thy head ſhall blaze as bright with Orient ſtone,
As did the world being burnt by *Phaeton.*
Kath. You make me death, for pitties ſake forbeare:
Oh, when will *Paſquil* come? Good ſir, depart.
When wilt returne? I pray you ſir, goe hence,
And troth, I will not hate you: nay, I'le ſpeake
Againſt my heart and ſay, I lothe you not.
You vex my patience, gentle ſir, forbeare,
I begge it on my knee, and with a teare.
Mam. Tut, will you loue me, and deteſt yon boy?
Kath. Heauen deteſt me firſt, and lothe my ſoule.
Mam. Is it your finall reſolution?
Kath. God knowes it is. So good ſir, reſt content.
Mam. I, I will reſt, and thou ſhalt reſt thus blur'd,
Thus poiſon'd; venom'de with this oile of Toades:
If *Mamon* cannot get thee, none ſhall joy

Which he could not enjoy. I feare no Law,
Gold in the firmeſt conſcience makes a flaw.
Rot like to *Helen*, *Spittle* hence, adiew,
Let *Paſquil* boaſt in your next interuiew.

Kath. Be pittifull, and kill me, gentle ſir.
Heauen, my heart is crackt with miſerie:
Where ſhall I hide me? which way ſhall I clenſe
The eating poiſon of this venom'de oile?
Poore wretch (alas) ſee where thy *Paſquil* comes.

Paſ. Here Loue, put on your gowne. How now? good God,
Heauen giue me patience: who hath vs'd thee thus?

Kath. The Deuill in the ſhape of *Mamon*. Sweet,
Touch me not. *Paſquil*, I conjure thee now
By all the power of affection,
By that ſtrickt bond of loue that linkes our hearts,
Leaue and abandon me eternally.
I merit now no loue, yet prethee ſweet,
Vouchſafe to giue me leaue to loue thee ſtill.
But I doe binde thee by thy ſacred vow
Of our once happie, and thrice bleſſed loue,
Follow not *Katherine*: good *Ned*, doe not grieue,
In time iuſt heauen may our woes releeue.

Exit Katherine.

Paſ. furens. O dira fata, ſæua, miſeranda, horrida,
Quis hic Locus? quæ Regio? quæ Mundi plaga?
Vbi ſum? Katherina, Katherina, Eheu Katherina.

Enter Mamon.

Mam. My ſpectacles will betraie me, looke *Mamon*, ſearch *Mamon*, hereabouts they fell.

Paſ. Welcome *Erra Pater*, you that make Prognoſtications for euer. Where's you Almanacke?

Puls his Indentures out of Mamons bosome.

Mam. Lord blesse my Obligations, Lord blesse my bonds, Lord blesse my Obligations. Alas, alas, alas.

Pas. Let me see sir now, when will true valour be at the full? Oh, there's an opposition, 'tis eclipsed, *Venus*, I *Venus* is mounted. Where's the Goat now? Kemb'd, fine kem'd. Oh, heere are Dogge daies, out vpon't, Dogge daies, Dog daies, Dogge daies, out-vpon't.

He teares the papers.

Mam. Alas, my Obligations, my Bonds, my Obligations, my Bonds. Alas, alas, alas.

Pas. Katherina, Katherina, Eheu Katherina.

Exit Pasquil.

Mam. Obligations, Obligations: Alas, my Obligations, I am vndone, vndone, vndone.

Enter Flawne.

Flawn. Sir, sir, sir.

Mam. What sir you for, you Dogge, you Hound, you Crust, what's best newes with you now? Out-alas my Obligations, my Bonds, I am vndone, vndone.

Flawn. Sir, the best newes is, your ship (the Hope-well) hath hapt ill, returning from *Barbarie*. 'Tis but sunke, or so, not a scrap of goods sau'de.

Mam. Villaines, Rogues, Iewes, Turkes, Infidels, my nose will rot off with griefe. O the Gowt, the Gowt, the Gowt, I shall runne mad, runne mad, runne mad.

Flawn. Amen, amen, amen. But there's other newes to comfort you withall, sir.

Mam. Let's heare them, good *Flawne*. My ship, my bonds, my bonds, my ship, I shall runne madde vnlesse thy good newes reclaime me. Let's heare thy newes.

Flawn. Your house with all the furniture is burnt, not a ragge

ragge left, the people ſtand warming their hands at the fire, and laugh at your miſerie.

Mam. I defie heauen, earth and hell, renounce my noſe, plague, peſtilence, confuſion, famine, ſword and fire, deuoure all, deuoure me, deuoure *Flawne*, deuoure all: bonds, houſe, and ſhip, ſhip, houſe, and bonds, Deſpaire, Damnation, Hell, I come, I come, ſo roome for *Mamon*, roome for Vſurie, roome for thirtie in the hundred. I come, I come, I come. *Exit Mamon.*

Flawn. Why, me thinkes this is right now, I'le euen lay him vp in *Bedlame*, commit him to the mercie of the whip, the entertainment of bread and water, and the ſting of a Vſurers Conſcience for euer. *Exit Flawne.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Drum and Winifride.

Drum. TRuely miſtris *winifride*, as I would bee willing to be thankefull, and thankefull to find you willing to proſtrate your faire parts to my pleaſure, ſo I hope you wil remember your promiſe, and promiſe what you now remember, if you haue forgot, I would bee glad to put you in mind of it.

Wini. Truely friend *Iohn*, as I would bee loth to breake my promiſe, ſo I would be vnwilling to keepe my word to the diſhoneſting of my virginitie. Marie for a nights lodgeing or ſo, I will not be ſtrait lac'd to my friend. Therefore thus it muſt be. To night I muſt lye at the Farme at *Holloway*, thither ſhall you be conueied in this Sacke, and laid in my chamber, from whence you ſhall haue free acceſſe to the pleaſures of my priuate bed.

Drum.

Drum. VVell then, bee conſtant *Winifride*, and you ſhall find mee faithfull *Iacke Drum*: and ſo taking leaue of your lips, I betake me to the tuition of the Sacke.

Enter Twedle. *Exit Drum.*

Twe. Winifride, my miſtris *Camelia* ſtaies for you to attend her to the Greene, I muſt goe and clap my Tabers cheekes there, for the heauens Ifaith.

Wini. Stay a little here, and if *Iohn ſo de King* come, giue him that Sack. Oh, I could crack my Whalebones, break my Buske, to thinke what laughter may ariſe from this.

Enter Mounſieur. *Exit Winifride.*

Moun. By my trot, dis loue is a moſt cleanly Ientleman, he is very ful of ſhift, de fine vench, can invent ten towſand towſand trick to kiſſe a men *(he)* ſee by gor ſhe ha keep her word, ſhee is in de ſecke alreadie, hee, braue by gor, my bloud das ſparkle in my veine for ioy. Metre *Timotty*, you muſt giue me dat ſecke dere.

Timo. Owy da *Mounſieur*, that is well pronounced, is it not?

Moun. Ritt, ritt, ritt, excellan: excellan: adiew *Timothy*, me am almoſt burſt for ioy. *Exit Mounſieur.*

Twe Well, I know what the wenches on the Greene are ſaying now, as well as if I were in their bellies: when will *Timothy* come, when will honeſt *Timothy* approch, when will good *Timothy* draw neere? Wel wenches now reioyce, for *Timothy Twedle* doth come. *Exit Twedle.*

Enter Pla. Bra. Sig. and Bra. Iunior.

Bra. Iu. Brother how like you of our moderne wits? How like you the new Poet *Melitdus?*

Bra. Sig. A ſlight bubling ſpirit, a Corke, a Huske.

Pla. How like you *Muſus* faſhion in his carriage?

Bra. Sig. O filthilie, he is as blunt as *Paules.*

Bra. Iu.

Bra, Iu. What thinke you of the lines of *Decius*? Writes he not a good cordiall sappie stile?

Bra. Sig. A surreinde Iaded wit, but a rubbes on.

Pla. Brabant, thou art like a paire of ballance, Thou wayest all sauing thy selfe.

Bra. Sig. Good faith, troth is, they are all apes and guls, Vile imitating spirits, drie heathie Turffes.

Bra. Iu. Nay brother, now I think your iudgement erres.

Pla. Erre, hee cannot erre, man, for children and fooles speake truth alwaies.

Enter Mounsieur with a Sacke, and Iacke Drum in it.

Bra. Sig. See who comes yonder sweating with a packe.

Pla. *Mounsieur*, what doe you beare there ha?

Moun. Pree you away, you breake my glasses der, Ieshu, now me know not what to doe, Zot dat I was to come dis way widd dem.

Pla. Glasses you salt rheume, come what ha you there?

Moun. Trike no more for Ieshu sake, by gor mee haue brittle vare, if you knocke it, it will breake presant, pre you adiew.

Bra. Iu. We must know what's in the bag I faith.

Moun By my trot, mee tell you true, will you no trike me den?

Bra. Iu. No faith, but see you tell vs true, or else.

Moun. Or else, or else by gor, doe wat you please wid me: Sweet *Vinifride*, my verie art dus vurst, he by gor, mee did not dinke to vrong yow dus: come out sweet *Vinifride*, me much discredit yow.

He *Iacke Drum*. Iesu vat made you dere?

Drum. Gentlemen, my M. desires you to come sup with him, I was sent to inuite you, and this itching Goate, would needes ease my legges and carrie me: I hope you'le

come, and ſo I take my leaue. I, I am guld, but if I quit her not, well. *Exit Drum.*

Bra. Sig. Come, there's ſome knot of knauerie in this tricke.

Pla. His culler is not currant, well, let paſſe.

Bra. Sig. Come *Mounſieur*, come, I'le helpe you to a Wench,
Goe downe the hill before, I'le follow you.

Moun. Mee dank you: Mor deu, he mon a mee, me ame trooke dead wit griefe, de cock of my humore is downe, and me may hang my ſelfe vor a Vench. *Exit Moun.*

Bra. Sig. Gentlemen, will you laugh hartily now?

Pla. I, and if thou wilt play the foole kindly now.

Bra. Sig. I will ſtrait frame the ſtrongeſt eternall ieſt
That e're was builded by inuention:
My wife lies verie priuate in the Towne,
I'le bring the *French* man to her preſently,
As to a looſe laſciuious Curtezan:
Nor he, nor you, nor ſhe, ſhall know the reſt,
But it ſhall be immortall for a ieſt. *Exit Bra. Sig.*

Bra. Iu. Farewell brother, we ſhall meet at *Hygate* ſoone.

Pla. The wicked ieſt be turnde on his owne head,
Pray God he may be kindly Cuckoled. *Exeunt both.*

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Came. Carrie this fauour to my *Ellis* ſtraight,
I long to ſee him, prethee bid him come.

Wini. I would be loth to nouriſh your deſame,
And therefore Miſtris pray you pardon me.

Came. What, is thy iudgement of my *Ellis* changde?

Wini. No, that is firme: but your eſtate is changde.
You know your ſiſter's ſtrangely vaniſhed,

And

And now the hope and reuenue of all,
Cals you his ſole, and faire apparant heire:
Now therefore would I haue you change your loue.
Indeed I yeeld 'tis moderne policie,
To kiſſe euen durt that plaiſters vp our wants.
I'le not denie, 'tis worthie wits applauſe,
For women on whom lowring Fortune ſquints,
And caſts but halfe an eie of due reſpect,
To pinne ſome amorous Idiot to their eies,
And vſe him as they vſe their Looking-glaſſe,
See how to adorne their beauties by his wealth,
And then caſe vp the foole and lay him by.
But for ſuch Ladies as your ſelfe is now,
Whoſe fortunes are ſuſtain'd by all the props
That gracious Fortune can aduance you with,
For ſuch a one to yoke her free ſweet youth
Vnto a Lowne, a Turke-like barbarous Sot,
A gilden Trunchion, fie, 'tis ſlauiſh vile.
Oh, what is richer then content in loue?
And will you now hauing ſo huge a Ruck
Of heap'd vp fortunes, goe and chaine your ſelfe
To a dull poſt, whoſe verie eyes will blaze
His baſe-bred ſpirit, where ſo e're he comes,
And ſhame you with the verie name of wife?
No Miſtris, no, I haue found out a man
That merits you, if man can merit you.

Came. Lord what a tide of hate comes creeping on
Vpon my former iudgement? Come, the man?

Wini. The man? (oh God) the man is ſuch a man,
That he is matchleſſe: oh, I ſhall prophane
His name with vnreſpected vtterance.

Came. Oh, thou tormenteſt me, deare *Winifride*, the man?

Wini. By the sweet pleasures of an amorous bed,
I thinke you will be deified by him.
O God, the most accomplish'd man that breathes,
And *Planet* is the man.

Came. Out on the Deuill, there's a man indeed.

Wini. Nay, looke you now, you'le straight orershoote your selfe,
You'le say hee's sowre and vnsociable:
Tush you know him not, that humour's forc'd:
But in his natiue spirit hee's as kind
As is the life of loue. And then the cleerest skinne,
The whitest hand, the cleanest well shap'd legge:
The quickest eye: Fie, fie, I shall but blurre
And sulley his bright worth with my rude speech.

Came. Well, if he court me, I'le not be much coy.

Wini. Court you? nay, you must court him for ought I know:
You must not thinke forsooth, that I am fee'd
To vrge you thus. I solemnely protest,
I motion this out of my pure vowed loue,
Which wisheth all aduancement and content
To attend the glorie of your beautious youth.

Came. O, I am *Planet* stricken, *Winifride*,
How shall I intimate my loue to him?

Wini. I saw him comming vp the hill euen now,
Send him a fauour, and I'le beare it to him,
And tell him you desire to speake with him.

Exit Winifride.

Came. Do, do, deare *Winifride*, sweet wench make haste.

Enter Sir Edward Fortune, and Iohn Ellis with a Paper in his hand.

Ellis. Sir, I haue her good will, and please you now to giue

giue me your consent, and looke you sir, here I haue Item'd forth what I am worth.

Sir Edw. Tush, shew mee no Items, and shee loue you a Gods name: I'le not bee curst by my daughter for forcing her to clip a loath'd, abhorred match: and see how fortunate we are; Looke where she stands.

Came. Sweet *Planet*, thou onely gouern'st me

Sir. Ed. Daughter giue mee your hand, with your consent I giue you to this gentleman.

Came. Marie phoh, will you match me to a foole?

Sir. Ed. God pardon me, not I: why M. *Ellis* ha? Had you her consent, speake freely, man?

Ellis. Indeed law now, I thought so: by my troth You sed you lou'd me, that you did indeed.

Came. I as my foole, my Ideot to make sport.

Sir Ed. Fie daughter, you are too plaine with him. Alas, my sonne *Simily* is out of countenance.

Ellis. Truely as a Mill-horse, is not a Horse-Mill, and as a Cart-lade, is not a lade-Cart, euen so will I goe hang my selfe.

Sir Ed. Marie God forbid, what frolicke, frolicke man, weele haue a Cup of Sacke and Sugar soone, shall quite expell these mustie humours of stale melancholy.

Enter Pasquil and a Countrey Wench, with a Basket of Egges.

Pas. Is this the Egge where *Castor* and *Pollux* bred? I'le cracke the Bastard in the verie shell.

Coun. Mayd. Alas, my markets, my markets are cleane spoilde. *Exit Wench.*

Pas. Vbi Hellena, Vbi Troia? ist not true my *Ganimede*? When shall olde *Saturne* mount his Throne againe? See, see, alas, how bleake *Religion* stands.

Katherina, Katherina, you damned *Titanoies*,
Why pricke you heauens ribs with blasphemie?
Python yet breathes, olde gray hair'd pietie.
Sir Ed. Alas, kind youth, how came he thus distraught?
Page. I left him in pursuit of *Katherine*,
And found him in this strange distemperature.
Pas. O sir, ist you that stampe on litrature?
You are inspired you with Propheſie.
Ellis. Not I, as I shall be sau'd, I am M. *Iohn Ellis* I.
Sir Edw. Come, come, let's intice him by some good meanes,
I'le labour to reclaime him to his wits.
O, now my daughter *Katherine* remembers me,
Where art thou girle? heauen giue me patience.
Pas. Poore, poore *Astrea*, who blurres thy orient shine?
Come, yons the Capitoll of *Iupiter*,
Let's whip the Senate, els they will not leaue
To haue their Iustice blasted with abuse
Of flattering *Sycophants*. Come, let's mount the stars,
Reuerend antiquitie goe you in first———
Dotage will follow. Then comes pale-fac'de lust———
Next *Sodome*, then *Gomorha*, next poore I,
By heauen my heart is burst with miserie. *Exit Pas.*

Enter Brabant Signior, Mounsieur and the Page.

Moun. I ha tell yow de verie trote of the lagge ieſt, by gor your England Damoſels are ſo feere, ſo vittie, ſo kit, by my trote ſhee toſſe mee wiſh vey ſhee pleaſe der: but pre yow were is de Vench? Is dis de houſe? Ha is dis de houſe, pre yow tell me ha?

Bra. Sig. It is, it is, and ſhe is in the inner Chamber: Boy call her forth. *Exit Page.*

Moun. Sings. By gor den me muſt needs now ſing,

Ding,

Ding, ding, ading, Dinga, dinga, ding,
For me am now at pleaſures ſpring.
Dinga, ding, ding, dinga, dinga, dinga, ding,
And a hee da vench, da vench, da vench,
Which muſt my bruling humour quench. Coma, coma, com.

Enter Miſtris Brabant.

Miſt. Bra. Now ſweet, you kept your promiſe well laſt night.

Moun. By gor ſhe giue him much kind word alreadie.

Bra. Sig. Wel, to make thee amends, boy, fetch vs a quart of *Canarie* Sacke. Pre-thee *Mall* entertaine this *French* Gentleman.

Miſt. Bra. Sir, you are verie welcome to my lodging.

Moun. Me danck you, and firſt me kiſſe your fingre, next me buſſe your lip, and laſt me clip your vaſte, and now foutra for de *Vinifride.*

Page. Sir *Edwards* Caterer paſſed by ſir, you will'd mee to remember Lemmons.

Bra. Sig. Gods precious 'tis true: Boy, goe with mee to Billingſ-gate. *Mall*, I'le returne ſtraight.

Exit Bra. Sig. and his Page.

Moun. Will yow no Vin ſir, he, he is gone purpoſely, by my trote moſt kind Gentleman. Faire Madame pree you pittie me, by Gor me languiſh for your loue, mee am a pouera *French* Ientleman, pree ſhew mee your bed-Chambre.

Miſt. Bra. What meane you ſir, by this ſtrange paſſion?

Moun. Nay noting, by Gor damoſell, you bee ſo faer, ſo admirably feer, fleſh and bloud cannot indure your countenance, mee brule, ang mee brule, ang yow ha no compaſſion, by gor mee ang quite languiſh. Laſt night mee goe to bedde, and mee put de candle behinde mee, and by

by my trote me see cleane torough me, Me ang so drie, mee put a cold plattre at my backe, and my backe melt de plattre quite, doe so burne. Pree you shew me your bed Chambre, me will bee secret constant: I loue you vnreasonably vell, vnreasonably vell by gor.

Mist. Bra. In faith you make mee blush, what should I say?

Moun. Say no, ang take it: Or arke you one ting, Say neder yea nor no, but take it, ang say noting.

Mist. Bra. You will be close and secret?

Moun. Secred, by gor as secred as your sowle, mee will tell noting, possible.

Mist. Bra. Well sir, if it please you to see my Chamber, tis at your seruice. *Exit Mist. Brabant.*

Moun. He now me ang braue *Mounsieur*, by gor ang mee had know dis, me woode haue eate some Potatos, or Ringoe: but vell: he. Me will tanck Metre *Brabant* vor dis, by gor me am caught in heauen blisse. *Exit Mounsieur.*

Enter Camelia and Vinifride, hanging on Planets armes.

Came. Oh, too vnkind, why do'st thou scorne my loue?
Shee that with all the vehemence of speech
Hath beene pursued, and kneeled to for loue,
Prostrates her selfe, and all her choicest hopes,
As lowe as to thy feet, disdaine me not,
To scorne a Virgin, is mans odious blot.

Pla. To scorne a man, is Virgins odious blot.
Wert thou as rich as is the Oceans wombe,
As beautious as the glorious frame of heauen,
Yet would I lothe thee worse then varnisht skuls,
Whose riuels are daub'd vp with plaistering paint.

Came. O Rockie spirit.

Pla.

Plan. Breathe not in vaine, I hate thy flatterings,
Deteſt thy pureſt elegance of ſpeech,
Worſe then I doe the Croking of a Toade.

Winif. Sweet Gentleman.

Plan. Peace you Rebato-pinner, Poting-ſticke,
You bribde corrupters of affection:
I hate you both, by heauen I hate her more
Then I doe loue my ſelfe. Hence, packe away,
I'le ſooner dote vpon a bleare-eide Witch,
A ſapleſſe Beldame, then I'le flatter thee.

Cam. Be not too cruell, ſweet *Planet*, deare relent,
Compaſſionate my amorous languiſhment.

Plan. Ha, ha, I pree thee kneele, beg, blubber, crie,
Whilſt I behold thee with a clothing eie:
And laugh to ſee thee weepe.

Cam. Looke, on my knees I creepe,
Be not impenetrable, beautious youth,
But ſmile vpon me, and I'le make the aire
Court thy choice eare with ſoft delicious ſounds.
Bring forth the Violls, each one play his part,
Muſick's the quiuer of young *Cupids* dart.

The Song with the Violls.

Plan. Out *Syren*, peace ſcritch-owle, hence chattering Pie,
The blacke-beakt night-Crow, or the howling Dog,
Shall be more gracious then thy ſqueaking voice:
Goe ſing to *M. Iohn.* I ſhall be blunt
If thou depart not, hence, goe mourne and die,
I am the ſcourge of light inconſtancie. *Exit Cam. & Winif.*
Thus my deare *Brabant*, am I thy reuenge,
And whip her for the peeuiſh ſcorne ſhee bare
To thy weake yonger birth: O, that the ſoules of men

Were temperate like mine, then Natures paint
Should not triumph o're our infirmities.
I doe adore with infinite respect,
Women, whose merit issues from their worth
Of inward graces, but these rotten posts
That are but gilt with outward garnishment,
O, how my soule abhorres them. Yon's my friend,

Enter Brabant Iunior.

I will conceale what I for him haue wrought,
Nice iealousie mistakes a friendly part:
Now, *Brabant*, where's thy elder brother, ha?
What, hath he built the left with *Mounsieur* yet?

Bra. Iu. Faith, I know not, but I heard he left the Frenchman with his wife.

Planet. Knew shee thy brothers meaning?

Bra. Iu. Not a whit, shee's a meere stranger to this merriment.

Plan. Hit and be luckie, ô, that 'twere lawfull now
To pray to God that he were Cuckoled.
Deare *Brabant*, I doe hate these bumbaste wits,
That are puft vp with arrogant conceit
Of their owne worth, as if *Omnipotence*
Had hoised them to such vnequald height,
That they surueai'd our spirits with an eye,
Onely create to censure from aboue,
When good soules they doe nothing but reproue.
See where a Shallop comes. How now, what newes?

Enter Winifride, and whispers with Planet.

Bra. Iu. What might this meane, that *Winifride* salutes
The blunt tongu'd *Planet*, with such priuate speech?

See with what vehemence ſhee ſeemes to vrge
Some priuate matter. *Planet* is my friend,
And yet the ſtrongeſt linke of friendſhip's ſtrain'd,
When female loue puts to her mightie ſtrength.
Marke, marke, ſhee offers him *Camelias* ſcarfe:
Now on my life 'tis ſo: *Planet* ſupplants my Loue.

Plan. Friend, I muſt leaue thee, preethee pardon me,
Weele meet at ſupper ſoone with the good knight.

Exeunt Plan. and Winifride.

Bra. Iu. I, I, content: O hell to my delight,
My friend will murder me, thin Cob-web Lawne
Burſt with each little breath of tempting ſweets.

Winifride ſpeakes from within.

Shee intreats you *M. Planet*, to meet
Her at the Croſſe ſtile.

Bra. Iu. Ha, at the croſſe ſtile? well, I'le meet him there.
He that's perfidious to me in my loue,
Confuſion take him, and his bloud be ſpilt
Without confuſion to the murderer. *Exit Brabant.*

ACTVS QVINTVS.

Enter Bra. Iu. and his Page, charging a Piſtoll.

Bra. Iu. SO, lode it ſoundly, murder's great with me,
Goe, Boy, diſcharge it, euen in *Planets* breſt,
Shoot him quite through, and through, thou canſt not ſin
To murder him, that murdered his deare friend
With damned breach of friendſhip, when he is ſlaine
Bring me his Cloke and Hat, here I will ſtay

To be imbrac'd in steed of *Planet*: goe, away. *Exit Boy.*
I had rather die with bloud vpon my head,
Shame and reproch clogging my heauie houre,
Then t'haue my friend full wounding of my soule
With reprobate *Apostacisme* in loue,
O, this *Sophisticate* friendship, that dissolues
With euery heate of Fancie, let it melt
Euen in Hels Forge. Harke, the Pistoll is discharg'd,
The Act of gorie murder is perform'd.
Haue mercy, heauen: O, my soule is rent

Enter the Page.

With *Planets* wound. Come Boy, the Hat and Cloke,
Goe poste to *Scotland*, there are crownes for thee,
Leaue *Brabant* vnto death, and obloquie. *Exit Page.*
Why, now the vlcerous swelling of my hate
Is broken forth: Oh, that these womens beauties,
This Natures witchcraft, should inchaunt our soules
So infinitely vnrecouerable,
That hell, death, shame, eternall infamie,
Cannot reclaime our desperate resolues,
But we will on spight of damnation.

Enter Camelia and Winifride.

Come yee poore garments of my murdered friend,
Mourne that you are compeld to hide his limbs,
That I lue you. Matter, see, *Camelia* comes,
Ile stand thus muffled and deceiue her sight,
When loue makes head, friendship is put to flight.
Cam. Perfist not still, O thou relentlesse youth,
To scorne my loue: what tho I scorn'd thy friend,
Doe not vpbraid me still with hating him,

Doe

Doe not ſtill view me with a lothing eie.
For *Brabants* ſake, doe you but loue me, ſweet,
And I'le not ſcorne him. Why ſhouldſt be ſo nice
In keeping lawes of friendſhip? didſt thou e're heare
Of any ſoule that held a friend more deare,
Then a faire woman?

Bra. Iu. O, the ſting of death, how hath *Brabant* err'd?
Hence thou vile wombe of my damnation,
Oh, thou wrong'd ſpirit of my murdred friend,
Thou guiltleſſe, ſpotleſſe, pure, immaculate,
Behold, this arme thruſting ſwift vengeance
Into the trunck of a curſt damn'd wretch.

He drawes his Rapier.

Winif. Heele ſpoile himſelfe, let's run and call for helpe.

Exit Camel. and Vini.

Bra. Iu. Now haue I roome for murder, this vaſt place,
Huſh'd ſilence, and dumbe ſolitude, are fit
To be obſeruers of my Tragedie.
Planet, accept the ſmoke of reeking bloud
To expiate thy murder. Friend, I come,
Weele troope together to *Elizium*.

Enter Sir Edward, Camelia, Winifride, Ellis, Brabant Sig. Tredle, Drum, and others.

Sir Ed. Hold, haire-brain'd youth, what miſchiefe mads thy thoughts?

Bra. Iu. Forbeare, good knight, you neuer ſinn'd ſo deep,
As in detayning this iuſt vengeance
To light vpon me, but know I will die,
I haue infring'd the lawes of God and Man,
In ſhedding of my *Planets* guiltleſſe bloud,
Who I ſuppoſde commaũd me in loue

Of that *Camelia*, but iniuriouſly:
And therefore, gentle Knight, let mine owne hand
Be mine owne hang-man.

Bra. Sig. Brother, I'le get you pardon, feare it not.

Bra. Iun. You'le get my pardon, brother, pardon me,
You ſhall not, for I'le die in ſpight of thee.

Sir Ed. I am turn'd wilde in wonder of this act.

Enter Planet, and the Page.

Plan. Come, *Brabant*, come, giue me my Cloke and Hat,
The euening's raw and danke, I ſhall take cold.
How now? turn'd mad, why ſtar'ſt thou on me thus?
Giue me my Cloke. Hart, is the youth diſtraught?

Bra. Iu. Ha, doeſt thou breathe, let's ſee where is thy wound?

Plan. Doeſt breathe, my wound, what doeſt thou meane by this?

Page. Gentlemen, I can direct you forth
This Labyrinth of intricate miſdoubts,
My Maſter will'd me kill that Gentleman,
Now I thought he was mad in putting me
To ſuch an enterpriſe, and therefore ſooth'd him vp,
With I ſir, yes ſir, and ſo ſir, at each word,
Whilſt he would ſhew me how to hold the Dagge,
To draw the Cock, to charge, and ſet the flint,
Meane time I had the wit to thinke him mad,
And therefore went, and as he will'd me ſhoot, (heart,
Which he, God knowes, thought pearc'd his deare friends
Then went and borrowed that ſame hat and cloke
Of *M. Planet*, brought them to my Maſter,
And ſo.

Plan. No more, no more, Knight, I will make thee ſmile

When

When I diſcourſe how much my friend hath err'd.
Sir Ed. I will diſſolue and melt my ſoule to night,
In influent laughter. Come, my Iocund ſpirit
Preſageth ſome vnhop't-for happineſſe:
Wee'le crowne this euening with triumphant ioy,
I'le ſup vpon this Greene, here's roome enough
To draw a liberall breath, and laugh aloud:
Drum, fetch the Table: *Twedle*, ſcoure your Pipe,
For my old bones will haue a round to night.
Now by my troth, and I had thought on't too,
I would haue had a play: Ifaith, I would.
I ſaw the Children of *Powles* laſt night,
And troth they pleas'd me prettie, prettie well,
The Apes in time will doe it handſomely.
Plan. Ifaith I like the audience that frequenteth there
With much applauſe: A man ſhall not be chokte
With the ſtench of Garlick, nor be paſted
To the barmie Iacket of a Beer-brewer.
Bra. Iu. 'Tis a good gentle audience, & I hope the boies
Will come one day into the Court of requeſts.
Bra. Sig. I, and they had good Plaies, but they produce
Such muſtie fopperies of antiquitie,
And doe not ſute the humorous ages backs
With clothes in faſhion.
Plan. Well, *Brabant*, well, you will be cenſuring ſtill,
There lies a ieſt in ſleep will whip you for't.
Sir Ed. Gallants, I haue no iudgement in theſe t'aings,
But will it pleaſe you ſit? *Camelia*,
Call theſe ſame Gentlemen vnto thee, wench:
O there with thee my *Katherine* was wont
To ſit with gracefull preſence, well let't paſſe:
Fetch me a cup of Sacke. Come Gallants, ſit,

M. Brabant, *M. Planet*, I pray you sit.
Young *M. Brabant*, and, Gods precious, *M. John*,
Sit all, and consecrate this night to mirth.
Here is old *Neds* place: Come, sound Musicke there,
What, Gallants, haue you ne're a Page can entertaine
This pleasing time with some French brawle, or Song?
What shall we haue, a Galliard? troth, 'tis well.

A Galliard.

Good Boy, Ifaith, I would thou hadst more roome.

Enter Katherine.

Kath. Once more the gracious heauens haue renew'd
My wasted hopes, once more a blessed chance
Hath fetcht againe my spirit from the sownd
And languishing despaire of happinesse.
A skilfull Beldame, with the iuyce of hearbs,
Hath cur'd my face, and kild the venoms power,
And now if *Pasquil* line and loue me still,
Heauen is bounteous to poore *Katherine*.
Yon suppes my Father, but my *Ned's* not there,
I feare, and yet I know not what I feare.

Sir Ed. Gallants, I drinke this to *Ned Pasquils* health.

Plan. Ifaith, I'le pledge him, would he had his wits.

Sir Ed. And I my daughter. Fill me one cup more:
No griefe so potent, but neat sparkling wine
Can conquer him: Oh, this is iuyce diuine.

Kath. Would he had his wits. Oh, what a numming feare
Strikes a cold palsey through my trembling blood.

Enter Pasquil mad.

Pasq. Vertue shall burst ope the Iron gates of hell,
I'le not be coop'd vp, roome for *Phaeton*.

Lame

Lame policy, how canſt thou goe vpright?
O luſt, ſtaine not ſweet Loue. Fie, be not loſt
Vpon the ſurge of vulgar humours. You, Idiot,
Riuet my Armour, and Capariſon,
A mightie Centaure, for I'le run at Tilt,
And tumble downe yon Giant in the duſt.
Sit, gentle Iudges of great *Radamant*,
Let not *Proſerpine* rule thee. Oh, ſhee's dead.
Now, thou art right *Eacus*, I appeale to thee,
Haue pittie on a wretches miſerie.

Sir Ed. I am quite ſunck with griefe, what ſhall we doe
To get recouerie of his wits againe?

Bra. Iu. Let Muſicke ſound, for I haue often heard
It hath ſuch ſweet agreement with our ſoules,
That it corrects vaine humours, and recalls
His ſtraggling fancies to faire vnion.

Plan. Why, the ſoule of man is nought but ſimphonies,
A ſound of diſagreeing parts, yet faire vnite
By heauens hand, diuine by reaſons light.

Sir Ed. Sound Muſicke, then pray God it take effect.

The Muſicke ſounds, and Paſquils eye is fixt vpon Katherine.

Bra. Iu. Marke with what paſſion he ſucks vp the ſweets
Of this ſame delicate harmonious breath.

Plan. Obſerue him well, me thinks his eye is fixt
Vpon ſome obiect, that ſeemes to attract
His very ſoule forth with aſtoniſhment.
Marke with what vehemence his thoughts doe ſpeake,
Euen in his eyes, ſome creature ſtands farre off,
That hath intranc't him with a pleaſing ſight.

Paſq. Amazement, wonder, ſtiffe aſtoniſhment,

Stare and ſtand gazing on this miracle,
Per fection, of what e're a humane thought
Can reach with his diſcourſiue faculties,
Thou whoſe ſweet preſence puriſies my ſence
And do'ſt create a ſecond ſoule in me,
Deare *Katherine*, the life of *Paſquils* hopes.

Kath. Deare *Paſquil*, the life of *Katherines* hopes.

Paſ. Once more let mee imbrace the conſtant'ſt one
That e're was tearmde her Sex perfection.

Kath. Once more let me be valued worth his loue,
In decking of whoſe ſoule, the graces ſtroue.

Paſ. Spight hath out-ſpent it ſelfe, and thus at laſt,

Both ſpeake.

We clip with ioyfull arme each others waſt.

Sir Edw. O, pardon me, thou dread omnipotence,
I thought thou could'ſt not thus haue bleſſed me.
O, thou haſt deaw'd my gray haires with thy loue,
And made my olde heart ſprout with fertill ioy.

Kath. Forget, deare father, that my act hath wrong'd
The quiet of your age.

S. Ed. No more, no more, I know what thou would'ſt ſay,
Daughter, there's nothing but ſaluation
Could come vnto my heart more gracious,
Then is the ſight of my deare *Katherine*.
Sonne *Paſquil* now, for thou ſhalt be my ſonne,
What, frolicke gentle youth.

Paſ. Is *Mamon* heere?

Drum. Oh ſir, M. *Mamon* is in a Citie of *Iurie*, called *Bethlem*, *alias*, plaine *Bedlame*: the price of whips is mightily riſen, ſince his braine was pittifully ouertumbled, they are ſo faſt ſpent vpon his ſhoulders.

Paſ. Oh ſacred heauens, how iuſt is thy reuenge?

Sir

Sir Ed. Why? did he caſt you in the labyrinth
Of theſe ſtrange croſſes?

Paſq. Yes, honor'd Knight, which in more priuate place
And fitter time, I will diſcloſe at large.

Came. Faith ſiſter, as I am your elder borne,
So will I match before, or with you, ſure,
Young *M. Brabant?*

Bra. By this light, not I.

Cam. Honeſt *M. Ellis.*

Ellis. No indeed law, not I, I doe not vſe to marrie:
For euen as blacke patches are worne,
Some for pride, ſome to ſtay the Rhewme, and
Some to hide the ſcab, euen ſo *Iohn Ellis*
Scorne her, that hath ſcorned him.

Came. Vertuous Maſter *Planet.*

Plan. Errant wandring ſtarre, we ſhall ne're agree.

Came. *M. Brabant, M. Planet, M. Ellis*, faith I'le haue any.

Sir Ed. But no body will haue thee, this is the plague of light inconſtancie.
Goe *Twedle*, bid the Butler broch freſh wine,
Set vp waxe lights, and furniſh new the boords,
Knocke downe a ſcore of Beefes,
Inuite my neighbours ſtraight,
And make my dreſſers grone with waight of meat.
M. Ellis, pray you let vs heare your high Dutch ſong,
You are admired for it: Good let's heare it.

Ellis. I doe not vſe to ſing, and yet euen as when the skie falls, we ſhall haue Larkes, euen ſo, when my voice riſeth, you ſhall haue a ſong.

He ſingeth, holding a Bowle of drinke in his hand.

The Song.

Giue vs once a drinke, for an the blacke Bowle,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy,
For an the blacke bowle, Sing gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once some drinke, for an the pinte pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once a drinke, for an the quart pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once some drinke, for an the pottle pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once a drinke, for an the gallon pot,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pint pot. For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once a drinke, for an the Firkin,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once a drinke, for an the Kilderkin,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once some drinke, for an the Barrell,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot,
For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once some drinke, for an the Hogshead,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the hogshead, the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot.

For

For an the blacke bowle. Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once a drinke, for an the But,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Butt, the hogſhead, the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke, for an the Pipe,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Pipe, the butt, the hogſhead, the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.
Giue vs once ſome drinke, for an the Tunne,
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy, the Tunne, the pipe, the butt, the hogſhead, the barrell, the kilderkin, the firkin, the gallon, the pottle, the quart, the pinte pot, For an the blacke bowle.
Sing, gentle Butler, balley moy.

Sir Ed. Well done, Ifaith 'twas chanted merrily:
What, my Gallants, ha're a tickling ieſt
To make vs ſowne with mirth e're we goe in?

Bra. Sig. Faith Gent. I ha' brewed ſuch a ſtrong headed ieſt
Will make you drunke, and reele with laughter:
You know *Monſieur Iohn fo de King?*

Sir Ed. Very well, he read French to my daughters.

Bra. Sig. I, to gull the Foole, haue brought him to my wife, as to a looſe laſcinious Curtezan, ſhee being a meere ſtranger to the ieſt, and there, ſome three houres agoe left him: but I am ſure ſhee hath ſo cudgeld him with quicke ſharpe ieſts, and ſo batter'd him with a volley of her wit, as indeed ſhee is exceeding wittie, and admirable chaſte, that in my conſcience heele neuer dare to court women more. Would to God he were return'd.

Enter Mounsieur.

Sir Ed. See, euen on your wish, he's come.

Moun. Iesu preserue you, sweet Metre *Brabant*, by gor de most delicat plumpe vench dat euer mee tuche: mee am your slaue, your peasaunt; by gor a votre seruice whil'ste I liue vor dis.

Bra. Sig. He would perswade you now, that hee toucht her with an immodest hand. Ha, ha, ha.

Moun. Tuch her, by gor me tuch her, and tuch her, and me tuch her, me ne're tuch such a venche, de finea foote, de cleanest legge, de sleekest skin: and me telle sure token, she hath de finest little varte, you know veare: he by gor mee ne're tuch such a vench.

Sir Ed. Pray God hee haue not brew'd a headie iest indeede.

Bra. Sig. Why, faith Gentlemen, I am Cuckold, by this light I am.

Moun. By gor mee no know, you tell a mee 'twas a Curtezan, pray you pardon me, by my trote, me teche you French to t'end of the vorlde.

Pla. Come, here's thy cap of Maintenance, the Coronet
Of Cuckolds. Nay, you shall weare it, or weare
My Rapier in your guts, by heauen.
Why, doest thou not well deserue to be thus vs'd?
Why should'st thou take felicitie to gull
Good honest soules, and in thy arrogance
And glorious ostentation of thy wit,
Thinke God infused all perfection
Into thy soule alone, and made the rest
For thee to laugh at? Now, you Censurer,
Be the ridiculous subiect of our mirth.
Why Foole, the power of Creation

Is ſtill Omnipotent, and there's no man that breathes
So valiant, learned, wittie, or ſo wiſe,
But it can equall him out of the ſame mould,
Wherein the firſt was form'd. Then leaue proud ſcorne,
And honeſt ſelfe-made Cuckold, weare the horne.

Bra. Sig. Weare the horne? I, ſpite of all your teeth
I'le weare this Crowne, and triumph in this horne.

Sir Ed. Why, faith 'tis valorouſly ſpoke, faire Sir,
Wee'le ſolemnize your Coronation
With royall pompe. Now, Gentlemen, prepare
A liberall ſpirit to entertaine a ieſt,
Where free light Iocund mirth ſhall be enthron'd
With ſumptuous ſtate. Now Muſicke beat the aire,
Intrance our thoughts with your harmonious ſounds,
Our *Fortune* laughes, and all content abounds.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

The names of all the Men and Women, that Act this Play.

The Men.

1. *Sir Edward Ferdinando.*
2. *Brabant Signior, and his Page.*
3. *Brabant Iunior, and his Page.*
4. *Planet.*
5. *Puffe, and his Page.*
6. *Iohn Ellis.*
7. *Mamon the Vsurer, with a great nose.*
8. *Flawne his Page.*
9. *Timothy Twedle.*
10. *Iacke Drum.*
11. *Pasquil.*
12. *Mounsieur.*

The Women.

1. *Katherine.*
2. *Camelia.*
3. *Winifride.*
4. *Market Woman.*